

Prologue – The Mistress of Magic:

“Mr. Weasley?” came a gentle voice, shaking the elder man awake. Ron awoke with a start and began scratching his graying red hair.

“Oh, I’m sorry Davanee,” he said with a croaky voice. “I was just sitting here and I suppose I fell asleep.”

“It’s quite alright Mr. Weasley,” she said a smile. “I just wanted to remind you that visiting hours end in five minutes. Normally, I’d let you stay but my boss caught me letting you stay after hours and-”

“It’s fine Davanee,” Ron said with a smile. “I thank you for all that you’ve done for me and my wife these last few years.”

“Of course Mr. Weasley,” said Davanee, chuckling softly. “It is what I am here for.” Ron shared a chuckle and turned back to his sleeping wife.

Hermione had been in a coma for eight years now. The doctors and nurses claimed that she would never come out and that it was just better to let her die. Ron would hear none of it, knowing that one day his wife would come back to him and his children.

Little Annie was now in her first year at Hogwarts, sorted into Gryffindor just like the rest of the family. Annie was shy and humble, but had her mother’s brains. Ron knew that was where she belonged. Annie reminded him so much of her mother, with her bushy red hair and big almond shaped brown eyes.

Teresa had now entered her fifth year at Hogwarts. According to her record and the constant owls Ron got about her behavior, Teresa had taken much after her uncles; Fred and George Weasley. Teresa was very mischievous, but very humorous and intelligent. She was also sorted into Gryffindor and Ron sometimes worried if Teresa would look after Anne while the two of them were at Hogwarts. One thing was for sure, she definitely did not take after their parents for she did not receive the honor of being prefect. Ron didn’t care, he was proud of her no matter what.

Then, there was Eddie. Ron, Ginny, Teresa, Anne, nor Lily, no one had heard from Eddie since he left England eight years ago. No one received an owl or anything from him. Everyone, except Lily, had sent him many owls and notes, hoping to hear something from him. But everything went unanswered. They knew he was still alive because the owls always managed to deliver him the letters and packages. It were as though Eddie had fallen off the face of the planet.

Ron knew Hermione would never accept this kind of behavior from Eddie, but she was still in her coma and Ron was much too stressed with working and trying to raise his two daughters. Ginny and Fred tried to help as often as they could, but there was only so much they could do. Ron felt lost without his wife. Several times Fred tried to get Ron to see other people but he insisted that his heart was with and always will be with Hermione.

Ron was now working at Hogwarts as the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. The heavily scarred Neville Longbottom had become Headmaster after his term as Minister of Magic had ended. Neville never married due to his low self-esteem because of his scarred face, so he dedicated his life to teaching by becoming the Herbology professor and now acclaimed Headmaster. Ron knew both Albus Dumbledore and Hermione would be proud with Neville's work as Headmaster. And when Neville asked Ron to work as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, he couldn't say now and has had this post for almost six years now. He was very comfortable with it.

Ginny and Fred continued to run their successful joke shop and lived together in a flat until Ginny remarried and started her own family, but continued to run the joke shop beside her brother. It was almost like Ginny felt she had to take George's place, for the sake of Fred.

Ron heard loud clanks coming down the hall and he smiled to himself as he turned around to see Asher and his wife, Yvonne, standing in the doorway of Hermione's hospital room. Asher hadn't changed a bit since he graduated with the exception of his legs. His face had become handsome with masculine, yet soft features, soft brown hair that fell into his eyes and his stormy gray eyes which were always dancing with amusement.

“Asher!” he said with a smile. He got up and embraced the boy who had become like a son to him in the past eight years tightly. “How are you?”

“Fantastic!” he said with a smile, “just had me legs checked up on and cleaned.”

He lifted his pants and Ron smiled. Asher had gotten rid of his legs which were no longer of use to him and created a spell that gave him fake legs, however, being fake, they made him walk with a limp so he constantly carried around with a cane. It was a gold cane with the Hogwarts crest engraved on the side, hence the loud clanking one always heard when he was walking by. Ron thought it was a sin that a young man of twenty-five had to walk with a cane.

Yvonne and Asher continued to date long after Hogwarts, had been married for almost two years now, and Yvonne was pregnant with her first child. Ron couldn't have been happier for the pair of them. It was the kind of future he had always pictured for Ed and Lily, but if they couldn't have it, at least someone else he cared about could.

“Here to see Hermione?” Ron asked. Asher smiled.

“We visited her this morning,” he said simply. “We actually came to see if you wanted to have dinner with Yvonne and myself tonight. We're heading to the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade, so it won't be out of your way. You may invite Teresa and Annie if you wish.”

“Sounds great,” said Ron with a smile. “Let me just say good-bye to my wife and send the girls an owl.”

“Okay, we'll give you some privacy,” said Yvonne, taking Asher's hand and leading him down the hall. “Meet you in the lobby, Ron?”

“Sure, see you in a bit,” said Ron, turning back to give Hermione a tender kiss on the forehead.

Yvonne nearly had water squirt out of her nose as Teresa told of the latest prank she had pulled on the Gryffindor boys for teasing little

Annie. Even Annie couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of the boys not being able to speak, but simply croak as frogs.

"It was great! And the only way the spell could be reversed is if Anne here kissed them on the cheek," Teresa said proudly. "It's the last time those boys tease a Weasley!"

"Did you kiss any of them yet?" Asher asked eagerly. Anne blushed.

"Of course not!" Teresa nearly shouted. "She's too shy! Why do you think I chose that curse in particular?"

Once again, everyone roared with laughter and Anne blushed harder. Ron's heart melted at the sight of his youngest daughter and pulled her into a small embrace to comfort her shyness. At that moment, a group of Aurors came bursting into the pub and looked around the room, and when they set their eyes on Ron, they walked over to him.

"Mr. Weasley, we got an emergency call from you? Your fiancé has been kidnapped?" One of the Aurors, which looked like the leader of the group, asked Ron. Ron raised a confused eyebrow.

"Fiancé?" Anne whispered. "Dad?"

"You have a fiancé dad?" Teresa snapped angrily. "Bloody hell!"

"Watch your mouth, Teresa Molly Weasley!" Ron said sternly before turning to the guards. "I'm afraid you've made a mistake. I made no such call and I have no fiancé. I am a married man."

"Well, we received a call from a Mr. Weasley claiming his fiancé had been kidnapped. He claims to have received a ransom note stating that she was brought here to England. She is American, I believe?" the head Auror asked, reading off a small slip of paper. "You stated that you'd have no other Auror except the best to help find her."

"American..." Ron mumbled to himself. Then, it dawned on him. "Oh my, Merlin! My son!"

"I beg your pardon sir?"

“Son? Dad, you mean Eddie?”

“Dad, what the bloody hell is going on here?”

“Ron...”

“My son has been living in America for the last eight years. I don't know if he is engaged or not but it might be him. He is a Mr. Weasley.” Ron explained. “Wait, Ed is engaged and she's been kidnapped to England? Bloody hell...”

“Eddie is engaged?” Asher asked eagerly.

At that moment, an owl came bursting into the Three Broomsticks and dropped a letter into the Head Auror's hands and flew off. The Auror hastily opened the letter and read it quickly before looking at his followers.

“Mr. Weasley is at the Ministry,” he explained, “We've confronted the wrong Mr. Weasley. Let's head out then.”

“Wait!” Ron said urgently, pushing Teresa out of his way and her swearing loudly. “What is Mr. Weasley's first name?”

“When he moved, he changed his name to Mr. Edward Whesley, but his real name is Mr. Edward Weasley,” the Auror explained, then looked back up at Ron. “Is he your son?”

“Yes...” Ron whispered. “May I come with you? I haven't seen him in eight years...”

“If he is your son, we don't see a problem,” said the Head Auror. “Come with us.” With those words, Ron grabbed both Teresa and Anne, said a hasty good-bye and apology to both Asher and Yvonne, and followed the group of Aurors.

As the Weasleys and the Aurors left the Three Broomsticks, Asher jumped to his feet, his eyes widened.

“Merlin...” he whispered. “Yvonne...Eddie Weasley is back!”

“Why are you asking me all these questions?” a man, about six foot, with fiery red hair, chestnut eyes, and face load of freckles shouted as she slammed his fist down against Miranda Michael’s desk. Miranda Michaels was Head of the Auror Department in the Ministry of Magic. “Why aren’t you out there finding my fiancé?”

Miranda couldn’t help but notice how this man had a combination of both an American accent and a British accent and it sounded funny to her, but she tried as hard as she could not to laugh at it.

“Mr. Weasley, please,” Miranda said softly. “You claimed you wanted the best Auror we can get our hands on. And considering the money you’re offering, we’re trying to get in touch with someone we have in mind.”

“Well where is he?”

“Ed,” came a voice from outside the office, near the doorway. The tall man with fiery red hair and freckles eyes slowly widened and he sucked in a deep, nervous breath, recognizing the voice from the doorway. “Son?”

Ed Weasley turned around and faced the man standing in the doorway. Eddie was astonished at how poorly his father, Ron, had aged. His hair, now hardly red, but was graying. Freckles were not the thing that covered his face; but now aging wrinkles from both time and stress had taken over. His warm brown eyes were no longer sparkling and full of joy, but tired, old, worn down by life.

“Hi dad,” he said, trying to contain his composure.

“Ed...” Ron whispered, as he dashed forward and embraced his son tightly, sobbing into his shoulder. “Oh, Ed...how could you? How could you abandon us all here? No word from you, no letters, nothing!”

“I’m sorry...I was just busy...” said Eddie, awkwardly. Ron pulled away from Eddie’s embrace and slapped him straight across the face.

“Busy? Too busy to write a letter to see if your mother had woken up? I bet you didn’t even know your friend, Asher married and his wife is now pregnant with their first child! I bet you don’t even know what year your two sisters are in at Hogwarts, or who they are, do you? DO YOU?” Ron shouted at the top of his lungs. Eddie looked down at his feet for a moment, before looking back up at his father, a glaring look in his chestnut eyes.

“I’m not a child anymore, dad,” Eddie snapped. “I’m twenty-five years old. I will do as I wish.”

“You can do as you wish,” Ron said just as angrily. “I just want you to know that your mother would be ashamed of you. I, however, am just disappointed.” At this, Eddie rolled his eyes.

“Dad, my fiancé has been kidnapped and I am here to find her, not to be lectured from you!” Eddie snapped before turning back to Miranda. “And about this Auror you promised me? Where is he?”

“Don’t you even want to see your sisters? I brought them with me,” said Ron. “Teresa, Anne, please come here.” Eddie whipped around about to blow up at his father but the sight of the fifteen year old girl and the eleven year old girl before him made him stop dead in his tracks.

“Anne? Teresa?” he asked through a tiny whisper. Both girls nodded. “Where did the time go? You girls are practically women!”

“Not so much Anne here, but I’m almost there,” Teresa said coolly, white quietly nudging Anne in a joking manner.

“Oh wow...”

“You’re engaged?” Anne asked quietly. “Since when?”

“About a year now,” said Eddie. “She’s a woman from the state of California; a real American girl, Jane Anderson.”

“What a dull name,” Teresa said nastily, very resentful towards her brother for pushing her and the rest of the family out of his life.

"Thanks Teresa," Eddie said sarcastically, seeing how his little sister hadn't changed a bit in the course of eight years. "But, she's been kidnapped by dark wizards. In the ransom note they claimed to have taken her to England so here I am! I am here to help this Auror they assign to the case to help me find her. I won't accept anything less than the best."

"And the best is on the way," Miranda said sardonically.

"WHERE IS HE?!?" Eddie snapped.

An emergency owl had just dropped into her lap. She opened it hastily and read it carefully.

"Bloody hell," she muttered. "I'm going to have to cancel my meeting with the Irish Minister. Dominique, could you take care of that for me?" she asked politely. The woman, known as Dominique, was an enticing elder woman with aging hair, of gold and gray that she kept in a tiny knot at the nape of her neck. Her piercing crystal gray eyes were lined with fine lines that gave an attractive look that only some elder women were able to hold. Dominique took out a tiny notebook and quill and wrote down the instructions, saying it would be no problem whatsoever.

"Is zere a problem at ze Ministry?" another woman at the table, who was sitting beside Dominique, asked. She was just as stunning as Dominique, with aging hair that was silky white that she kept in a loose elegant bun at the top of her head and the same fine lines around her eyes, except her eyes were a bright blue and she wore fancy spectacles around her crystal blue eyes.

"Yeah, apparently they have an emergency Auror assignment..." she mumbled with a sigh. "I'm sorry I have to leave our weekly lunch early today, but-"

"Go sweetie, you 'ave your job to do," said the second beautiful woman. "I understand 'ow demanding it must be."

"Thanks mum," she said kissing both her mother and Dominique on the cheek and grabbing her bag. "I'll see you here again same time next week ladies?"

"Yes indeed," said her mother, smiling. Her daughter took out her wand and Apparated to the Ministry. Dominique looked at the young lady's mother.

"Fleur, every time I see your daughter, ze more and more proud of 'er I get," Dominique said with a smile.

"Trust me, your not ze only one," said Fleur. "Not a day goes by zat I don't regret zrowing 'er out of my life when she was a baby."

"Zankfully she forgave you and 'as zese weekly lunches wiz us," said Dominique, who checked her fancy white gold pocket watch. "We 'ave to be at ze shop in five minutes. Might as well leave now?"

"Yes," said Fleur sitting up, leaving some Galleons on the table. "I'm so 'appy we finally opened zat jewelry shop in Diagon Alley. It keeps us busy and vibrant." Both ladies gave an elegant chuckle and Fleur's comment, pulled out their wands, and Apparated to their jewelry shop; A Veela's Shop, in Diagon Alley.

A young woman Apparated in front of the Ministry of Magic with her wand clenched in her right hand. She was a beautiful young woman, in her mid-twenties. Her long golden blonde hair fell in layers around her face and to the middle of her back. She was wearing a knee length black skirt with black knee length boots and an emerald green turtleneck sweater, making her almond shaped emerald green eyes stand out vibrantly. Her black robes and blonde hair billowed around her as it was a windy day, making her cheeks rosy.

She entered the building and headed straight to her office, where her student assistant, Jeremiah Reachenburg, was sitting at the front desk, a pile of papers on his desk, looking very disgruntled.

"Good morning Mistress," he said with angry groan.

“Long day Jeremiah?” she asked politely as she picked up some of her papers from his desk. He gave her a sarcastic look, making her chuckle.

“What do you think? You just got elected Mistress of Magic, of course it is a hectic day!” he said in an annoyed voice. She chuckled at his comment.

“You know, it’s that kind of attitude that has given this working relationship a lot of spice,” she said as she took out her fancy, cat like glasses, put them on, and went through some of the papers. Jeremiah rolled his eyes and continued his work. She looked down at him for a moment and sighed. “Take the week of Jeremiah. I’ve been called to the Auror Department.”

“Auror Department?” he asked incredulously. But, Mistress, you’ve just been elected Mistress of Magic! You shouldn’t be receiving calls and jobs from the Auror Department! You’re work is here and trust me, you have tons of it!”

“Jeremiah, they have a complaining man demanding for the best,” she said while putting down the papers. “And I am the best so I am doing the job. It is my last one until my term is over.”

“Modest I see,” Jeremiah grumbled, packing up his suitcase, making her smile to herself. She knew that part of the reason she had hired Jeremiah was because of his dry sense of humor. It kept things amusing in this office, which was always filled with stress and tension. “I’ll see you in a week, Mistress.”

She smiled and took off her glasses, as she placed the papers back on Jeremiah’s desk. “Make sure you lock up my office before you leave,” was all she said as she grabbed her briefcase and headed out the door towards the Auror Department. Miranda, her old partner, had said it was urgent so she had agreed to take this one final job.

“This Auror better be good,” Eddie snarled, sitting in front of Miranda’s desk. Miranda rolled her eyes.

“She is the best, Mr. Weasley,” said Miranda. “She’s so good that she was recently elected Mistress of Magic.” Eddie’s eyes nearly bulged out of his head.

“Wait, wait, wait, the MISTRESS of MAGIC will personally be taking on my fiancé’s case?” he asked in shock. Miranda nodded slowly.

“You asked for the best, Mr. Weasley,” said Miranda. “She became one of the best Aurors the Ministry has ever seen and was elected as Head of the Auror Department when she was only twenty-two years old. Now, she has been elected one of the youngest Ministers, or Mistresses of Magic, at twenty-five. Passionate about her work, she is.”

“Yeah? Who is she?” Eddie asked curiously.

“Sorry I’m late, I had a meeting,” came a voice from behind, from the doorway. “It is a pleasure to meet you, sir. And don’t worry, we will find your fiancé.” Eddie, recognizing that scratchy voice, whipped around to see a stunning young woman standing in the doorway with long golden blonde hair and emerald green eyes.

“Mr. Weasley, I present to you Miss Lily Potter, Head Auror and Mistress of Magic,” said Miranda. “She will be taking on your case to find your fiancé.”

Eddie’s eyes locked with Lily’s for a moment and he fainted.

Chapter 1 – Reunion

“He fainted?” Teresa shrieked with laughter. “You mean he actually fainted?”

“Teresa...” Ron said in a tired voice, rubbing the bridge of his nose. “Please...”

“I’m sorry dad, it’s just funny,” Teresa said, still giggling to herself. “I mean, you usually don’t hear about a 6 foot, 25 year old man fainting.”

Lily gave a slight grin at the fifteen year old girl standing in front of her. Teresa always made her laugh and she always spoke her mind about anything. In a way, she almost reminded Lily of herself. She stood in the doorway of the hospital room; Eddie’s hospital room, leaning against the beam with her arms crossed.

After Eddie had seen Lily and immediately fainted, Miranda got up from her desk and tried to revive Eddie, but he wouldn’t move or wake up, so he was taken to the hospital. Lily was in such a state of shock that she hadn’t been able to respond to Eddie fainting or him not reviving. After Eddie had been taken to the hospital, Miranda contacted Ron and the girls to tell them what had happened.

“Is he going to be okay, Davanee?” Ron asked wearily. Davanee checked Eddie’s pulse before waving her wand and writing something on her clip board.

“He’ll be fine, Ron,” said Davanee, a small smile on her face. “He’s just in a state of shock. I don’t blame him after not seeing Lily after all these years and seeing her as the Mistress of Magic is bound to shock anyone.”

“Especially since Eddie fell in love with her and everything and then like an idiot went and-”

“That will be enough Terry,” Lily said in a warning tone, but still using Teresa’s pet name to show that she was not angry. Ever since Hermione went into that coma, Teresa and Anne had both taken Lily

on as their role model, being the only active woman in their life; besides Davanee. But, unfortunately, Teresa found Davanee extremely bubbly and annoying so Lily had become her idol.

“Sorry,” Teresa mumbled. Lily was the only one who had the power to control Teresa’s mouth. “Too awkward?”

“Just a bit,” Lily said bemused, with a slight grin on her face. She then turned back to Davanee. “There isn’t anyway of reviving him immediately? I’d really like to finish this case as soon as possible and get back to my duties as Mistress of Magic.”

“I mean, we could use a potion but it’s best to...”

“Then use a potion,” Lily said firmly. “I want to have this case over and done with”

“Lily,” started Ron, “isn’t this case going to be a bit awkward for you? I mean, considering your past with Eddie. Looking for his kidnapped fiancé? Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Of course I don’t want to do this!” Lily snapped, forgetting that she was talking to her godfather. “Part of me wants to just revive him so he can decide that he doesn’t want me on the case and we can go back to the way we were!”

“Pretending that you both don’t exist to each other?” Anne asked quietly.

“Exactly,” Lily said in exasperated voice.

“Not a fun way to act and treat your former lover,” Teresa said with a sigh. Both Lily and Ron turned to glare at her as Lily went scarlet in the face. Teresa’s big eyes widened for a moment as she stared at the two. “Awkward comment again? Okay, I just won’t talk anymore.”

“Brilliant idea,” came a groan from the bed. Lily’s heart began pounding against her ribcage. Eddie’s eyes fluttered open and he sat up slightly. “And that’s not true Lily. I was told you were the best for the assignment and I only want the best to find Jane. You and me are going to have to put our past behind and work past this.”

“Well, unlike some, it’s rather hard for me to just simply ‘put the past behind me.’ I just don’t throw away everyone that means something to me and not contact them in years,” said Lily, coolly. “For some reason, it’s not as easy for me as it is for others.”

“Shut your mouth, Potter,” Eddie growled, sitting up all the way. “I did what I had to do! And you’ll be well-paid for this case.”

“I’m sure I will be,” Lily snarled coolly. “Send me an owl when you’ve been admitted out of this hospital. Unlike some, I can handle a good shock and not be hospitalized.” With a billow of her cloak, she turned and stormed out of the room. Teresa’s mouth dropped as she stared at Lily in awe.

“Wow, Ed,” she said, “Lily one, Ed zero.”

“Shut-up!” Eddie snapped again before rolling over in his bed.

“Is that your only comeback?” Teresa teased. Eddie rolled his eyes and tossed his pillow in the direction of her voice.

Eddie was following a young man to Lily’s office where no doubt, Lily would start working on his fiancé’s case. The young man looked grumpy, and had a sarcastic comment to everything Eddie had said. It did not shock Eddie to know that Lily had hired this young man as her secretary. They reached an office with the letters “Lily Julia Potter, Mistress of Magic,” on the door, sparkling and the young man knocked. Eddie heard Lily’s familiar scratchy voice mumble, “Come in,” and they entered.

“Mr. Weasley here to see you,” he said in a bored voice. Eddie walked in to see Lily sitting behind an abnormally large desk completely covered in files, folders, and papers. She had on her cat-like glasses and looked completely distressed and exhausted.

“Thank you, Jeremiah,” Lily said hastily. “Just file the paperwork on the Bundlement case and you can go home.”

"How kind of you Mistress," he said dryly with a false grin on his face. He closed the door behind Eddie and left. Eddie watched him close the door and turned back to Lily.

"Bad time?"

"No, its fine," she said hastily. "I just got elected Mistress of Magic so I'm closing up some final cases as Auror, is all."

"And opening mine?" Eddie asked, raising an eyebrow. Lily looked up at him, leaned back in her chair, took off her glasses and threw them on the desk.

"You wanted the best, Ed," she said simply, rubbing the bridge of her nose. "And not to sound arrogant, but I am considered the best."

"But what about your duties as Mistress?"

"Being Mistress has its advantages," Lily said with a slight grin," and so does having a good fair amount of assistants. Why are you even arguing? You're getting what you're paying for, aren't you?" Eddie nodded and wanted to laugh but bite his lip stubbornly as he stared at Lily as she cleaned out her desk. Some things just did not change.

"Alright," Lily said, taking out a fresh folder and putting her glasses back on, "please Ed, sit down."

Eddie obeyed and sat down in the chair that rested in front of Lily's massive desk. As she filled out some work, Eddie snuck glances at all of the moving pictures on her desk; five of them caught his interest. One was of she and Harry Potter when she was a child; resting on his knee as he bounced her up and down as the baby Lily giggled in delight. The other was of Lily and Asher; Asher was seen wearing a fancy tuxedo and Lily was wearing a long, fancy, baby blue gown. Eddie assumed that had been taken on Asher's wedding day as Yvonne could be seen wearing a wedding dress in the background. The third picture was a picture of Lily and two of the most stunning elderly women Eddie had ever seen, sitting on a bench, smiling at each other. Eddie recognized them as Fleur Delacour and Dominique Delinor. The fourth picture was of Lily and Eddie's little sisters; Teresa and Anne playing Quidditch. But, the fifth, the fifth was what

intrigued Eddie the most. It was a picture of Lily, at about fourteen years old, wearing her Hogwarts robes and on her right stood a tall, pretty black girl; Eddie recognized her as their late friend, Robyn Andrews. On Robyn's other side was Asher and on Lily's left stood himself, smiling brightly and his hand rested on Lily's shoulder. Eddie's stomach did a lurch when he saw the picture and was pulled out of his thoughts at Lily's sigh.

"Okay, first, tell me what happened," Lily said, looking at Eddie square in the eye. Eddie was astounded at her intently she was gazing at him, like nothing serious had ever happened between them. He could not believe she was being so nonchalant about the whole situation.

"Erm...well...my fiancé is name is Jane Anderson," Eddie explained. "We've been seeing each other for about 2 years and living together for 6 months."

Lily waved her wand and her quill began writing the notes on it's own as Lily listened intently. Eddie raised his eyebrow at the quill.

"Is she a witch or Muggle?"

"Muggle," Eddie said with hesitation. Lily looked at him with a raised eyebrow, but said nothing.

"Does she know that you are a wizard?" Lily asked, the quill continuing to make notes on what was being discussed.

"Erm...no..." Eddie said slowly, with much hesitation. "I gave up magic about a year ago. I've only recently used it to get back here. She has no idea." Eddie chanced a look at Lily and saw nothing. Lily just stared at him, no emotion on her lips and her eyes completely impassive. For a moment, she just stared, said nothing before continuing her questioning.

"So, you've been living as a Muggle for the past year?" Lily asked, looking very disbelieving.

"Yes," Eddie said uncertainly.

“Then why are you here?” Lily asked, almost angrily. “How do you even know she was kidnapped by wizards and not Muggles?”

“By this ransom note,” Eddie said, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket and handing it to Lily. Lily narrowed her eyes at it for a moment before snatching it out of Eddie’s hands. She put her glasses back on as her emerald eyes scanned the page.

“As you can see,” started Eddie, “whoever sent this is a wizard. The letter threatens to take her here, to England, mentions Cruciatus Curse, and was sent by owl. It only makes sense that a witch or wizard did this.”

Lily continued to read the ransom note, her eyebrows furrowing and her lips pursed. She scratched her chin and the quill was scribbling away furiously, as though writing what she was thinking. Finally, Lily took a deep breath and put the note back down before nodding her head, encouraging Eddie to continue.

“Jane went to run some errands one afternoon, claiming she’d be home by dinner,” Eddie explained. “But, she never came back, and I called the Muggle police. But it was later that night, at midnight, that jet-black owl came and dropped this note into my lap. I immediately Apparated here and demanded the best Auror to find my fiancé.”

“And that’s it?”

“That is it,” said Eddie, raising an eyebrow at Lily’s disbelieving, nonchalant attitude. Lily leaned back in her chair, and the quill was scribbling things down faster than ever.

It was a long pause before Lily finally spoke; “This all seems very suspicious, Ed.”

“Suspicious?”

“I don’t understand why a group of wizards or witches would kidnap an innocent Muggle,” said Lily, narrowing her eyes in thought. “Unless they knew you were a wizard. Did you ever have a grudge with anyone at the University?”

“No,” said Eddie, “I dropped out after one year.”

“What?” Lily asked incredulously, her eyes widening. It was a great dishonor to drop out of the university, especially since it was very difficult to get in. And the fact that Eddie just gave up? There had to be a reason. Lily knew Eddie, and he never gave up on anything. But, in reality, Eddie left and gave up on everything, and to be extremely honest, Lily was not sure if she even really knew her best friend anymore.

“It wasn’t for me,” Eddie explained with a shrug, not meeting her eyes.

“It seems like the wizarding world in general wasn’t for you,” Lily said coolly, her quill stopping for a moment, and then quickly returning to scribbling everything down. Eddie glared at her but decided to ignore her comment. “In the one year you were at the University, you didn’t make any enemies? No one holds any grudges against you?”

“Well, there’s always someone who doesn’t like you,” Eddie said reasonably, “but I didn’t have a disdain for anyone like I did for someone like Daris Malfoy.” Lily nodded and the quill scribbled furiously.

“Does anyone have anything against you in general?” Lily asked. “Can you think of anyone who would want to do this to your fiancé?”

“Why do you think it’s me?” Eddie asked with a snarl, clenching his fists, giving his former friend a dirty look. “Maybe someone had a grudge against Jane and that is why they kidnapped her.”

“Now that wouldn’t make any sense,” said Lily reasonably, raising a cool eyebrow at Eddie. “Why would any witch or wizard want to take a Muggle hostage and then send you the ransom note? It makes more sense that someone was doing it to get to you.”

“Oh,” Eddie mumbled stupidly, “right.” Lily grinned inwardly. For some reason it gave her great satisfaction knowing that she was right about something and Eddie was wrong. She gave him a slight smirk before turning back to her quill. “No, I can’t think of anyone who would want to get back at me for this. I went to school in Salem; after I dropped out I

went to New York City, all the way across the country. No one in New York even knows that I am a wizard.”

“I see,” said Lily, biting her lip uncertainly. There was a long, awkward pause as she stared at Eddie intently, biting her lip and rubbing her chin as he just stared at his large hands resting in his lap. Noticing the tension, Lily waved her wand; two glasses and a bottle of firewhiskey floated towards her desk. Lily poured a generous amount in both glasses and handed one to Eddie. He graciously accepted it and took a large swig. Lily sipped hers slowly, looking like she was contemplating something.

“Lily?” Eddie asked unsurely. Lily nodded her head to show that she was listening, but did not make eye contact with him. “Do you think that someone from around here might have found me living in New York and kidnapped Jane? Maybe it was someone from the war?” Lily sighed and placed her firewhiskey on her desk. Eddie took another large gulp.

“It’s possible,” Lily said reasonably, refusing to make eye contact. “I was thinking along the same lines. But who did you anger that much during the war that they’d want to track you down all the way to New York and kidnap your fiancé?”

“Maybe someone from Hogwarts? Like Daris Malfoy? Raven Dawsetta?” Eddie asked, finishing off his firewhiskey.

“Neither of them hated you that much,” Lily said, still not looking at him. “It had to be someone who really hated you...” There was another long pause before Lily waved her wand again and the quill finally stopped writing. She finally met Eddie’s gaze. “I need a physical description of your fiancé.”

“Um...tall...about 5’8, 120 lbs,” Eddie, thinking. Lily rolled her eyes.

“Does she eat or is she anorexic?” Lily mumbled sarcastically. Eddie clenched his teeth in anger, but once again, chose to ignore Lily.

“Short brown hair, fair skin, blue eyes, pointed nose,” Eddie said, listing off Jane’s physical traits. Lily used her wand to try and draw a sketch. When that was done, she raised from her desk and sighed.

"Well Ed," she started, "I'll start the investigation immediately but for now, I need to know where I can find you, in case I need to send you an owl or to update you on how the search is going."

"Send me an owl?" Eddie asked, raising an eyebrow. "Update me on the search? There will be no need for that Lily. I'm going with you."

"I beg your pardon?" Lily asked incredulously, setting her firewhiskey down on the desk, taking off her glasses, narrowing her eyes at her former friend. "Mind repeating that?"

"Are you deaf?" Eddie asked angrily, getting to his feet and staring Lily down. "I said I'm going with you!" Lily continued to glare firmly at him and also got to her feet and leaned over the desk. She was nearly a foot shorter than Eddie, but he had never seen Lily look so terrifying. He was strongly reminded of his grandmother, Molly Weasley.

"I work alone," was all Lily snarled before waving her wand, her belongings all slamming shut. Eddie opened his mouth to retort, but Lily interrupted him before he could even say anything; "Besides, you have been living as a Muggle for the last year. Why start wizardry now?" Lily gathered her things and with a billow of her black cloak, started out the door.

"This isn't over, Potter," Eddie snapped, as Lily walked out of the office. "I'll be joining you on this case. You can count on it. This involves my fiancé and I'll do anything for her!"

At those words, Lily stopped dead in her tracks. Eddie stared at her back wide-eyed, curious to her reaction. But she said and did nothing, only clenched her fist tightly and taking a heavy, shaky breath. For a moment, Eddie was sure she was just going to leave but instead, turned on her heel and Eddie gasped at the look in her eyes; they were blazing, like an emerald green fire and he knew that only happened when she was about to use the power of Gryffindor; Eyeluta. Eyeluta was an extreme power to attack others with one's eyes, inherited by only Gryffindor heirs with emerald green eyes, given to Godric Gryffindor by Merlin himself! Eddie gasped at the fire blazing in her eyes, but she ignored him and stared at him furiously.

“Fine, Ed,” she snarled, “you want to come? You’ll come. But, if you interfere with my investigation at all, I’ll make sure you never perform magic again.” Eddie noticed her fingering her wand and he had never heard such venom in Lily’s voice, never saw such hatred and contempt in her eyes. The only time he ever heard her talk and look like this is when she faced Voldemort. He never imagined she’d look at him like that.

“Do I make myself clear?” Lily asked in that same snarl, her emerald fires still burning rapidly. Eddie nodded and gulped.

“Crystal.”

And with a swish of her cloak, Lily was gone.

Chapter 2 – The Investigation Begins:

Eddie looked up at the sign that read, *The Leaky Cauldron* and sighed deeply, debating on whether he should walk in or not. He doubted anyone would recognize him, except for maybe his hair. It was moments like these that he wished he was a Metamorphis so he could change his hair color.

Kicking in his Gryffindor courage, he dragged his large feet towards the building and pulled open the door. Eddie expected to be disappointed but instead, he felt at peace; the place had not changed a bit. He smiled when he saw Tom standing behind the bar, aging like wine and dragged his lightweight bag towards the bar.

“Hello Tom,” Eddie said with a small smile. The old man looked up at him and beamed.

“I’m not going to even try to guess which Weasley you are,” he said with a chuckle. “I’ve lost track of all of you after all of these years!” Eddie grinned and nodded politely, a wave of relief washing over him, realizing that Tom did not fully recognize him.

“What can I do for you, Mr. Weasley?” Tom asked graciously.

“An order of a cheeseburger, fries, a water, and a firewhiskey” Eddie said, sitting down at the bar. “And one room.”

“You got it,” said Tom as he poured the glass of firewhiskey and another of water and ran into the back. Eddie took a swig of the firewhiskey and sighed as the peppery substance tickled the back of his throat, going through his veins, and felt himself relax. At that moment, a little house elf came running to the counter and placed his burger and fries in front of him before hopping away. Eddie chuckled and immediately dived into his food. He felt like he had not eaten in days.

After he had eaten his meal and paid Tom for his dinner and room, Eddie grabbed his belongings and headed upstairs to his room. It was just like all of the other rooms at the Leaky Cauldron, and he

took in everything; the sights, the smells, the feeling. It all seemed so welcoming to him; it felt like home.

Ron had offered to let him stay for as long as he needed at the Windum but Eddie did not want the tension between him, his father, and his sisters. He knew Teresa would never leave him alone for abandoning them and he hated the sad, disappointed look Anne gave him every time their eyes met. It saddened him that he did not even know his youngest sister. In reality, he hardly knew Teresa either. Eddie felt a hole inside of him, as though something was missing. Eddie sighed, as he leaned against the window, almost wishing he had taken his father's offer. But, he could not. He just could not. Lily was there on a daily basis.

The real reason he did not stay at the Windum was Lily. Eddie actually did consider Ron's offer, but before he did, he asked if Lily lived at the Windum with the Weasley family to help take care of Teresa and Anne. Eddie had learned that Lily lived in her own flat in London, but visited them on a daily basis. In fact, Lily was coming over for dinner after work that evening. That was when Eddie decided it would be best to get a room at the Leaky Cauldron.

'You might as well have taken the offer,' Eddie thought to himself. 'You're going to see Lily on a daily basis anyway during this case.' For a moment, Eddie felt a shudder of giddiness at the thought of spending time with Lily, but it came and went so quickly, Eddie was sure he imagined it. He was in love with Jane. He was getting married to Jane in six months. That is, if they found her safe and sound. But, he knew Lily would find her. He always trusted Lily.

'But she certainly doesn't trust you,' a nasty voice said in his head, making him sigh and bury his face in his hands as he rubbed his face in frustration. Frankly, he could not blame Lily for not trusting him. He promised to love her forever, to be there for her no matter what, and even had every intention on marrying her. But, they got pregnant when they were only seventeen years old, and Lily had had a miscarriage during the final battle with Voldemort. However, it had been the pregnancy that saved Lily's life and why she defeated the darkest wizard of all time.

He never understood why the miscarriage affected him so much. But, when he almost lost Lily, found out she was pregnant, then lost the baby, he felt strange and just wanted to be anywhere but where he was. So, he left for the United States of America and never came back, never contacted anyone, and changed his name to Edward Whesley. He met Jane when he bumped into her in a local grocery store and fell for her immediately. But, she was nothing like Lily with short, brown hair cut like a bobby cut, pale blue eyes, a pretty face, very thin, and quite tall. Jane was also shy, quiet, and preferred to take a backseat in most cases. Eddie never particularly liked that trait about her but no one was perfect.

Eddie felt strange comparing Lily and Jane; what did he see in Jane that he did not see in Lily? He and Lily had a history; a history unlike any other and it felt weird to be in a relationship with Jane without the history. But, in a way it was better because it left out a lot of the drama, but didn't the drama make it all worth it in the end? Eddie shook his head and rubbed the bridge of his nose. He needed to stop this; comparing Lily and Jane. He had not thought of Lily since he had met Jane and just because he had seen her; that should not change anything.

"Stop this!" Eddie yelled at himself, gripping his flaming red hair and began mumbling to himself. "Your fiancé was just kidnapped! What is wrong with you? Stop acting like a sick jerk!" With that, Eddie went to sleep worrying and thinking nothing but about Jane's well-being.

What Eddie did not know was that he was lying to himself. He liked to think he never thought of Lily ever since he met Jane, but the truth was, every night when he went to sleep, he would think of Jane's pretty smile. In his dreams, he would dream of a set of piercing emerald green eyes, the emerald depths looking at him with the love they used to look at him with. And this night was no different than any other night because if someone looked into the window of his room at the Leaky Cauldron, one would see him smile in his sleep as he dreamed of those fiery green eyes.

"That was great, Ron," Lily said with a smile, patting her stomach, leaning back in her chair "Thanks for inviting me."

"Lil, why do you 'thank you' every time you come here?" Teresa asked, raising an eyebrow. "I mean, you practically live here anyway...." Lily laughed as Ron gave his eldest daughter a stern look.

"It's called good manners, Teresa," Ron said sternly. Teresa rolled her eyes and Lily winked at her as she waved her wand and the dishes all flew to the sink and began to wash themselves. "But she's right, Lily, there really is no need thank us every time you come over here. It really is a complete waste of breath."

Lily, Teresa, and Anne all let out a chuckle and Lily sighed, "Well you girls better get upstairs. Your dad and I need to discuss some things." Teresa rolled her eyes again and helped Anne out of her seat. Teresa always had an overprotective side over little Annie, especially after Hermione went into that coma; the same way Lily was overprotective of Teresa.

"See Annie, that's code for 'we need to discuss about Eddie coming back and Lily taking his case and making things-'"

"Teresa!" Ron and Lily yelled in unison. Teresa held up her hands in defense, her chestnut eyes going wide. Lily noticed Ron stared at her eyes weirdly for a moment, but turning away quickly. Anne giggled as she followed Teresa up the stairs. Lily checked the top of the stairs to make sure they were not listening and turned back to Ron. Lily sighed and looked at her godfather's cold, dead blue eyes. Those usual twinkling blue eyes glistening with mischief and humor had been dead to the world ever since Hermione went into her coma.

"You okay?" Lily asked, sitting down in the kitchen table beside him, resting her hand on his shoulder. "I saw you look into Teresa's eyes. You looked...well...sad..."

"You ever notice how Teresa's eyes are so much like Hermione's?" Ron asked, his voice shaking. Lily bit her lip and squeezed his shoulder.

"Yeah," she answered honestly, "Eddie had those same chestnut eyes. Anne was the one who was blessed with those blue specs." Ron smiled softly and looked at his goddaughter.

"I suppose when we look into Teresa's eyes, we both are reminded of someone we fell in love with," Ron said with a lop-sided grin. Lily removed her hand from Ron's shoulder and looked away, a nasty look in her eyes.

"Maybe you see that," Lily whispered angrily, her hand curling into a tight fist, "but I sure in bloody hell don't."

"Lily..."

"Ron, I know what you're going to say," said Lily, holding up her hand to stop him from speaking.

"Lily, I love my son," Ron said, ignoring Lily's request to let it go. "But, despite the fact that he is my son, he broke a lot of people's hearts. I've never been more disappointed in someone in my life.

"I know you loved him and don't say you didn't," Ron said quickly as Lily opened her mouth to retort, "because I know you did."

"So, what are you trying to say?" Lily snapped impatiently. Ron smiled inwardly.

"I'm saying that I do not want you to take this case," said Ron, "and I don't want Eddie going with you." What Lily expected Ron to say, it was not that. She stared at Ron for a moment and blinked numerous times and only managed to say one thing;

"What?"

"I don't want you to take Eddie's case," repeated Ron. "You're the Mistress of Magic. Put another Auror on the assignment."

"But, why?"

"Lily, you were a mess after Eddie abandoned us all," said Ron softly. "It tore you up. I saw it in your eyes. And now when you're finally

about to fully recover; he comes storming back into your life. It's not fair to you."

"Ron, this is not a relationship," Lily said firmly. "It's purely business."

"You're Mistress of Magic!" Ron said desperately. "Surely you can-"

"That's right, Ron," Lily said, standing up and pulling out her wand. "I am Mistress of Magic and yes, I could put another Auror on the case but I am not going to. This is my case and just because it happens to deal with my ex-boyfriend should not make a difference! I said in my oath I would help any witch or wizard and Eddie is just another wizard."

Ron just looked at his goddaughter and studied her for a moment, seeing how much like Harry she really was. It made him miss Harry and Hermione and how the three of them used to be even more so. He ignored the lump developing in his throat and patted Lily's cheek roughly and gently at the same time.

"I'm proud of you Lily Potter," he said pressing his forehead against her's affectionately. Lily smiled and turned to Apparate home, but before she could, Ron spoke up again.

"Lily, why are you taking this case?" Ron asked seriously. Lily just stared at him, her heart beginning to pound loudly in her chest. She was sure that Ron would be able to hear it. "It's not because you still have feelings for him is it?"

"No, of course not," Lily answered quickly. "I could never have feelings for someone who did what he did to me."

"Then why are you taking the case, Lil?"

There was a long pause and Lily stared at Ron for a moment, then at her hands, and then suddenly became very interested in her feet. Finally, she looked back at her godfather and he saw the determination, the walls she had put up to prevent herself from Eddie hurting her again.

"I don't know," was all she said. "It just feels right."

"I still don't approve of it," Ron said softly, knowing perfectly well that Lily would not take his advice.

"I know," Lily whispered, "but it's my decision." With that, Ron nodded softly, sighing to himself, still realizing how Lily was so much like Harry; the stubbornness, the determination, the courage, and the will to do the right thing. And with that, he watched Lily Apparate back to her flat in London and he went upstairs to get his two daughters into their beds and to sleep.

Knock, knock!

Eddie buried his face into his pillow and groaned loudly, hoping whoever was knocking on the door would go away. But, he was wrong.

Knock, knock!

"Go away!" Eddie screamed at the door, wrapping his sheets and blankets tight around him and snuggling deep into the mattress, thinking the annoying knocker had gone away.

"Stupefy!"

The door bursted open and Eddie screamed, grabbing his wand from the night stand and pointing it at the door, only to see Lily grinning and with her wand pointed outward at the door, nearly knocking it off its hinges.

"Bloody hell Potter," Eddie growled, burying his face back into the pillow and throwing his wand to the side of the bed. He quickly looked at his watch. "It's 6am in the morning!"

"I'm fully aware of what time it is, Weasley," Lily said coolly, kicking the door out of her way as she stepped into the room. Eddie sat up and rubbed his eyes and looked at the mess she had made and groaned.

“Why did you stun the door open?” he asked grumpily, throwing his blankets off him and swinging his legs over the side of the bed. “You could have just kept knocking and said it was you.” Eddie looked up to see Lily smirking in her cocky smirk.

“I’m Mistress of Magic,” Lily said smugly. “I can do as I please. And you weren’t responding to my knocks so I decided to make sure you’d get up and get the picture that I’m not playing games. You said you wanted to join me on the investigation, so you’ll play by my rules. Understood?”

Eddie muttered unpleasant words about Lily under his breath as she waved her wand to fix the door she had blasted off the hinges a few moments ago.

“Get changed,” Lily ordered as she began walking out the door. “Our investigation begins right now. Meet me downstairs with all of your belongings in ten minutes.”

“Where are we going?” Eddie asked curiously, rubbing his already messy, bushy red hair. Lily fought back a laugh at the messy state his hair was in and just bit her lip instead.

“Downstairs, ten minutes,” was all Lily said. “I don’t discuss things out in the open for everyone to hear.” Lily closed the door behind her and Apparated downstairs. Eddie made a rude face at her retreating back and sat up to change and pack.

When Eddie got downstairs with his belongings, he saw Lily sitting at a small table by the window of the pub, sipping a cup of tea, a plate of eggs and sausage in front of her. Eddie frowned and dragged his belongings towards the table and plopped down in the seat in front of Lily. She had her cat-like glasses on and was reading off a clipboard, her magical once again writing furiously as she scratched her chin.

“How’d you know where I was staying?” Eddie asked curiously as took one of the sausages off Lily’s plate and began to eat it. Lily did not move or look at him.

“Where else would you be staying?” Lily said knowingly. “By the way Ed, we are investigating now and will be going under false names.

From now on you'll check in and introduce yourself as Ed Jinxins. I'm known as Lisa Prongs."

"Fair enough," Ed mumbled as he grabbed Lily's fork and began eating the eggs. She still had not even looked up at him. "So, why are we up so early?"

"You are interested in finding your fiancé, aren't you?" Lily asked, finally looking up at him, looking over the rim of her cat-like glasses and raising an obvious eyebrow.

"Of course I am!"

"Then we need to start as early and as soon as possible," Lily said as she packed up her things into a tiny beaded bag Eddie recognized as his mother's. She always used that bag on vacations or when Ron and Harry needed to borrow it for their Auror missions. Lily caught him staring intently at the bag and sighed.

"Yes, this is your mum's," Lily said in a toneless voice.

"How did you get it?"

"It was inherited to me through her will," Lily explained, taking all of Eddie's belongings and placing them into the famous beaded bag. Eddie just stared at her and his eyes narrowed.

"She isn't dead," he growled, "why did you get your inheritances?"

"Your father gave it to me when I graduated from the Auror department," Lily snapped. "He said it would come in handy and it did. According to him, Hermione had planned on giving it to me anyway so what difference does it make?"

Lily finished placing all of Eddie's bags into the beaded bag and pulled out some money for the breakfast she did not eat and stood up. "Are you ready?" she asked and Eddie nodded, still glaring at her.

"Why didn't I get my inheritances?" he asked, following Lily out of the pub as she looked around and pulled out a compass.

“Well considering you disappeared without a trace, it was quite difficult to track you down. You never answered any of our letters or anything,” Lily said as though the answer was quite obvious. Eddie knew she was right and did not respond, knowing he did not have much of a comeback so he just silently followed her through London. Finally, Lily stopped short, still studying the compass.

“What is that?” Eddie asked curiously.

“It has the same idea as a Sneakoscope, it points to anyone untrustworthy nearby,” Lily explained.

“How do you know if it is not pointing to anyone?”

“The arrow disappears,” Lily said briskly, pocketing the compass and headed down a small, dirty alley, looking around for something. Eddie just stood there, not a clue to what she was doing or what was going on. In a way, Eddie felt like a fool and ground his teeth in annoyance.

“Ah ha!” Lily said in triumph as she levitated a fresh-looking banana from a nearby trash can. “You ready?” she asked, looking at Eddie impatiently.

“What is it?” Eddie asked, raising a suspicious eyebrow. Lily rolled her eyes and mumbled something about an ‘idiot’ under her breath.

“It’s a Portkey,” Lily said slowly, as though talking to a five year old. Eddie gritted his teeth but chose to ignore her attitude.

“Where is it taking us?”

“Just grab it and you’ll find out,” Lily mumbled, still levitating the banana. “On the count of three, okay?”

“Fine.”

“One...two...three!”

Both Lily and Eddie grabbed a hold of the banana and felt a heavy pull at their feet as they were transported to an unknown land. It was so unusual for him, as he had not done it in years. Eddie felt a blur of

colors and weight spread around him. Lily seemed unfathomed by it. He figured she must travel by Portkey on a daily basis. Eddie just did not understand why they did not just Apparate to where ever it was that they were heading.

The Portkey travel actually took several minutes before Lily and Eddie landed on cool grass with a loud thud. Lily felt the grass tickle her nose and she sneezed and opened her eyes. She smiled; she was exactly where she wanted to land. Miranda never let her down and set up the perfect Portkey. Eddie groaned, rubbed his back, and stood up before taking a look around, stretching his back in the meanwhile.

“Where are we?”

“Damn, you think you’d recognize your own home, wouldn’t you?” Lily asked dryly, levitating the banana and placing it in the beaded bag. “We’re in Central Park, New York City.”

“What in the hell are we doing here?” Eddie asked incredulously.

“It was never a wonder why you didn’t become an Auror,” Lily said sarcastically. “All of your questions are getting really irritating. We’re where the crime happened. In order to find Jane, we need to start where it all began; where it all took place. She was kidnapped here, this is where we’ll find our first clue.”

“Oh,” was all Eddie mumbled dumbly. “Why Central Park?”

“There is a lot of people around,” said Lily, swinging the beaded bag over her shoulder and took a look around. “No one would notice two people appear out of nowhere.”

“Good call,” Eddie said approvingly, nodding and taking a look around. Many people were taking their early morning jogs and taxis were driving by to pick up people who needed to get to work. No one noticed Lily and Eddie pop out of nowhere.

“While you’re here, you’ll need to speak in your American accent,” Lily explained. “We can’t let anyone let on to what we’re up to or what we’re looking for.” Eddie nodded in understanding.

“What about you?” Eddie asked, raising an eyebrow. “Won’t your accent give you away?”

“I took Muggle language and accent classes,” Lily explained waving her wand and her pad came flying out and it started scribbling again. “I figured it was better to cover yourself up by learning the languages and no one suspecting you.”

“That’s brilliant Lils!”

Lily’s eyes widened and they blazed at Eddie when he used his old nickname for her. He could not tell whether she was more angry or embarrassed and immediately decided to correct himself.

“I’m mean...Lily,” Eddie stammered, his ears going bright red. Lily still looked at him wide-eyed.

“Yeah...I made those classes a requirement in Auror training when I became Head of the Auror Department,” Lily explained, still looking at him strangely before going through her notes which held her earlier interview with Eddie. “The ransom note was sent to you, correct?” Lily asked, her eyes squinting into the sunlight. Eddie nodded and she bit her lip.

“Where do you reckon we should start?” Eddie asked uncertainly. Lily thought for a moment, her eyes still narrowed and still biting her lip. She nodded to herself and waved her wand at Eddie, who felt his body tingle. He looked down to see the old gray robes he had been wearing turn into jeans, sneakers, and a gray hooded sweatshirt. Lily did the same and the silver robes she was wearing turned into sneakers, jeans, a white T-shirt, and emerald green zip-up.

“What’s with new wardrobe?” Eddie asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Well, you live in a Muggle building, don’t you?” Lily asked slowly.

“Yes...”

“Don’t you think it’d be suspicious if we were wearing robes, especially if whoever kidnapped your fiancé. They obviously have been following you and Jane for quite some time and know you’re a

wizard,” explained Lily. “It’ll be extremely obvious if we show up wearing robes. It’ll look less...strange if we’re wearing Muggle clothing, right?”

“When did you get so brilliant?” Eddie said, smiling down at Lily proudly. Lily smiled sheepishly, without Eddie realizing and told him to direct her to his and Jane’s apartment.

The walk to the apartment was the longest, more awkward walk of her Lily. The tension was so thick that one could cut it with a butter knife as the two of them walked through the streets of New York City.

Chapter 3 – The First Clue:

Lily and Eddie were both standing outside the apartment building in which Eddie and Jane lived. Lily had never seen anything like it, and stared at it wide-eyed, her mouth gaping open.

“Bloody hell,” she whispered, more to herself than to Eddie. “Amazing with these Muggles can do without magic. Skyscrapers, pyramids...” Her voice trailed off and just smiled, slipping her sunglasses back on to her faces. On the way to the apartment building, Lily had transfigured to large stones into a baseball cap and sunglasses. She thought it would be best to try and hide their most distinguishing features, and in this case, it was Eddie’s hair and her eyes.

“Shall we go in?” Eddie asked uncertainly, gesturing towards the building. Lily nodded and looked at him sternly.

“I’m your cousin, visiting from another state. A far one,” Lily said. Eddie chuckled and patted her on the shoulder gently.

“Don’t worry, Potter,” he said good-naturedly, an amused smile on his face. “I know just what to say.”

“Yeah, you were always pretty good at lying,” Lily snarled coolly, causing Eddie’s smile to immediately falter and his warm chestnut eyes become cold and they narrowed. His jaw was set as he glared dangerously at Lily, who ignored him and walked into the building. Eddie glared at her back and followed her, his fists clenched tightly.

Lily had taken off her sunglasses and placed them at the top of her head and looked around at the building. Eddie went to the desk and smiled at the elder man sitting behind it.

“Hey Ryan,” he said with a lop-sided grin that made him look remarkably like Ron. Lily stood tentatively behind him as the elder, balding man with a heart shaped face, and a missing tooth looked up at him.

“Mr. Whesley!” he said with a beaming smile. “We have not seen you nor Miss Anderson for a few days now. Did you go on vacation?”

“No, Jane went on a business trip for a few weeks and I was visiting some family in Minnesota,” Eddie said with a smile. “In fact, one of my cousins will be staying with me for the new few weeks. Ryan, this is my cousin, Lisa Prongs.” As he turned to look at Lily for a moment, frowned, but when he turned back to Ryan, the smile was back on his freckled face. Lily raised an eyebrow but smiled at Ryan and held out her hand.

“Great to meet you, Ryan,” Lily said with her best American accent. Eddie raised an impressed eyebrow but neither Lily nor Ryan noticed.

“Pleasure to meet you too Lisa,” he said, taking her hand and kissing it tenderly, looking at Lily with a certain passion that Eddie recognized all too well and he rolled his eyes because of it. It was the veela in Lily kicking in again. Lily was part veela, giving her a power to attract and seduce men, and the worst part about it, it was completely out of her control.

“Well, Ryan, it was good seeing you,” Eddie said hastily, grabbing Lily’s hand and dragging her away from the front desk, not liking the look that Ryan was giving his former friend; and his former girlfriend. Ryan’s old hazel eyes eyeing Lily up and down made Eddie want to dive across the desk and strangle him with his bare hands. So, instead, he just grabbed Lily’s hand possessively and ran to the elevator, dragging her behind him. Eddie did not know where the jealousy and possessiveness came from but it did not come unwelcome. He chose to ignore it instead.

“Ed?” Lily’s voice called out tentatively from beside him in the elevator.

“What?” he mumbled still frustrated over Ryan’s rude stare and Jane’s disappearance.

“Umm...you can let go of my hand now,” Lily said in a slow, awkward voice. Eddie looked down and saw that he still had Lily’s hand clenched tightly in his. He felt all his blood rush to his face and let her hand go as though it was infected with some contagious disease. There was absolute silence as the two of them headed up to the twenty seventh floor and with a ding of the elevator, both ran out of it, dying to get away from the tension was floating around the two of

them. Eddie led the way to his and Jane's apartment, taking out the key and placing it into its lock.

"Why are we here?" Eddie asked, ready to open the door.

"I'm an Auror for a reason, Ed," she said softly. "This is where we need to start." Eddie nodded, pushed open the door, and flicked on the lights. Eddie stiffened at the sight as Lily barged in from behind him and looked at the sight of the apartment, wide-eyed. The living room was wrecked and the couch was toppled over and the love seat was moved from its spot. In the kitchen, glass was shattered everywhere from the china and glasses. Eddie did not dare to think what his bedroom looked like. Someone had definitely been there and had completely ransacked the apartment.

"Lily? What...?"

"I told you," whispered Lily, looking around. Eddie noticed that she had pulled her wand out and it had it at the ready. He followed the maneuvers and she held up her hand. "You're a citizen, Ed. Put the wand away. I'll search the apartment."

"Excuse me?" Eddie asked incredulously. "Who the bloody hell are you?"

"Someone who is the Mistress of Magic and head of this investigation," Lily said coolly. "I am also someone who is about three seconds from ditching you and solving it on her own." Eddie glared at Lily but said nothing, knowing she was at full power to do just as she threatened. Lily was now searching the apartment, her wand at the ready and her eyes narrowed, ready to strike. Eddie lowered his wand, but did not put it away, just in case something snuck up on her.

When Lily disappeared down the hall, Eddie raised his wand again and trudged through the rubble of his apartment, not believing his eyes. Before he could contemplate anymore, he heard Lily give a slight scream. Eddie's heart stopped in his chest and his breath caught short. Clutching his wand tightly, he raised it and sprinted down the hall and into his bedroom.

Lily was unharmed but was looking directly at the window sill wide-eyed, clearly startled, and had her wand pointed directly at where her eyes rested. Eddie followed her eyes and saw a rather large, midnight black owl with beady yellow eyes gave a small hoot and dropped a small blood red envelope on Eddie's desk. It gave another small hoot and flew out the shattered window.

"What was that?" Eddie asked in astonishment, looked clearly startled. Lily did not say anything, but just narrowed her eyes at the exact spot where the owl had been and where the envelope was resting on the desk. "Lily?"

"Stay here," she whispered, holding up her hand at Eddie, to prevent him from asking anymore questions, her wand still at the ready. "I'm going to check this out."

"Check what out?" Eddie asked urgently, placing his hand on her forearm, to stop her from walking forward. Both of them ignored the tingle that shot through their arms at the touch. "Lily, what's going on?" There was a long pause. "You don't think it has to do with Jane's kidnap, do you?"

"Shh!" Lily shushed him as she walked towards the blood red envelope. "*Wingardium leviosa!*" The envelope floated in front of her and she surveyed it.

"Lily, what are you doing?" Eddie asked urgently, becoming more confused, frustrated, and more panicked with every passing second. Lily ignored him and continued to survey the paper with narrowed eyes. Eddie bit his lip to prevent himself from shouting, from ripping it from Lily's spell and opening it, revealing its contents; to see if it had anything to do with Jane's well-being. "LILY!"

"Shut it Weasley" Lily finally shouted back, a fire blazing in her green eyes. Immediately recognizing that familiar fire, Eddie clamped his mouth shut but his frustration did not cease. Lily kept the envelope levitated and muttered another spell at it, causing it to glow slightly and then fall to the floor. Breathing in relief, she walked over to it, knelt down and picked it up. Finally, Eddie grew infuriated and stomped his foot like an overgrown child.

“Lily, could you please tell me what the bloody hell is going on?” Eddie shouted in frustration. Lily got to her feet with the envelope still clutched in her hands.

“I was checking to make sure it was safe to open,” Lily said reasonably, making Eddie feel dumb and like a fool. “If you’ve been living like a Muggle for so long, the only reasonable explanation for an owl waiting to personally hand you an envelope, is that it has something to do with Jane’s kidnap. It could have been cursed or something. I had to make sure it was safe to open and read. Is that alright with you, Weasley?”

Eddie shuffled his feet and stuffed his hands into the pockets of his jeans, trying to look angry at her, still feeling rather stupid. “Well, if you had just said that...” he mumbled lamely, causing Lily to roll her eyes.

“Open it,” Lily said, ignoring his comment, handing him the letter. He looked at the blood red envelope in her hand, then back at her. “It’s addressed to you. You open it.”

Eddie took it with trembling hands and ripped it open timidly, as though waiting for it to explode. But, Lily was talented at what she did and all that came out of the envelope was a crumpled piece of paper. Eddie touched the letter and a high pitched, terrifying scream came out of the envelope. Both Lily and Eddie screamed; Eddie dropped the envelope and paper and stumbled backwards. The scream was coming from a woman and it sounded as though she was being severely tortured. After a few moments, the screaming died down and the two of them stared at the letter, then back at each other, wide-eyed and gasping for breath.

“Lily!” Eddie croaked, trying to catch his breath, his voice hoarse from his scream. “You said it was safe!”

“It is safe!” Lily shouted back defensively. “That was no curse, as we’re still here and unharmed.”

“Then what was it?” Eddie snapped back furiously. Lily made a rude finger gesture at him and crawled over to the envelope, snatched it and scanned it, her emerald eyes becoming as wide as saucers.

“What is it?” Eddie whispered urgently, beginning to shake. “Has it something to do with Jane?” Lily nodded, her eyes never shrinking back to their normal size. “Read it out loud! Or let me see!” Lily handed it to him, her hand now trembling. Eddie seized it and began reading it.

Dear Mr. Edward Weasley,

What you just heard was the sound of your fiancé, Jane Anderson, being placed under the famous Cruciatus Curse.

You have something we want, Mr. Weasley, and unless you get it to us and still want to see your precious fiancé alive, we suggest you hand it over without a fight. If you do not know what it is we want, you’re not ready to see the lovely Miss Anderson again. Unless you know what it is, you’ll come to where we are and hand it over.

But in case you do not know, we present a clue; the first clue to giving us what we want and closer to seeing the love of your life. Whether you see her alive again is completely up to you. Once you reach the location of the first clue, the second clue will present itself. The best of luck to you; for your sake, and for Miss Anderson’s.

Eddie finished reading the letter; his face had gone deathly pale so that his freckles contrasted with his skin even more so, warm chestnut brown eyes clouded over so that anger and grief; panic and disarray had settled in them. He searched Lily’s eyes desperately, as though pleading with her to know what they wanted to they could go right to these people and save Jane. But, Lily was just as clueless as Eddie and shook her head, looking at him, for the first time since he had returned, tenderly.

“Lily,” he whispered, his voice shaking. With anger or sadness, Lily did not know and could not figure it out. “We need to find these bastards. We need to find Jane! They’re torturing her!”

“What do they want, Ed?” Lily whispered, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder. “They said you should know. Do you?”

“No Lily, I don’t,” Eddie said in a infuriated whisper. “The only thing I have left from the wizarding world is my wand and my old Nimbus. Do

you think it's that they want?" he added desperately, "my wand or my broomstick?" Lily bit her lip uncertainly and scratched the back of her head.

"I doubt it, Ed," she said in a whisper. "No offense to your wand or anything." This caused Eddie to chuckle and look directly into her eyes.

"None taken," he said with a sad grin. Lily attempted to give one back and for a split second, Eddie's eyes lit up for a moment. "You know, this is the first civil conversation you've had with me since I came back." Lily bit her lip again.

"Well, you're no fun to humiliate when you're vulnerable," Lily mumbled, trying to hide a smile. Eddie laughed, but the sadness and anger still rested in his warm brown eyes, still glazed over with negative emotions. Lily did not like seeing her former friend and boyfriend like this and looked down at the blood red envelope, still sitting on the floor with another little piece of paper inside. Lily guessed that it was the clue and reached down and grabbed the piece of paper inside and read it to herself before reading it out loud to Eddie.

My face is green, but not because I have been on a boat

Without magic, in water I manage to stay afloat

With my light, I keep those without control, labor, and keep things fair

However, I, myself, it is labor I can bare

"What the bloody hell does all that mean?" Eddie asked in a moan, still sitting on the floor, his knees up, his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands tightly gripping his flaming, bushy red hair.

"I don't know, Ed," Lily whispered. "It's a riddle. The first clue is a riddle and we need to figure it out." Eddie did not say anything, but continued to give dry sobs. Finally, he buried his face in his hands and his shoulders began to shake as he called for Jane. Lily's heart went out to Eddie and she knelt beside him, pulling him in a small,

but yet comforting embrace. It was very awkward for her, but she knew Eddie needed comfort, and Lily was willing to overcome her awkwardness towards him, even for just a moment. Eddie hugged her back and continued to sob. Lily just patted him gently on the back. Finally, he calmed down, pulled away, and stood up firmly, his brown eyes now blazing angrily, ready to fight and tear about the people who had kidnapped and were now torturing Jane Anderson.

"We need to find her, Lily," he said desperately. "I...I love her. I can't live without her." For some reason, Lily could not bare to hear these words from Eddie about another woman. She turned away and stood up, so Eddie did not notice her own green eyes glazing over with a sad emotion one would not be able place.

"We'll find her, Ed," Lily said firmly, trying to hide the anguish in her voice. She turned back to him, taking the paper from his hand and clenching it tightly in her own small fist. "I promise you, I will not stop until I find her. I will hunt down these people until I do not have a breath left in me. I promise you, Edward Ronald Weasley. You have my word." With that, she took her free hand, spit into it, and held it out for Eddie to shake. Eddie stared at her hand wide-eyed, remembering their old childhood handshake. He grinned, followed Lily's movements by spitting into his own hand and they shook on it. Doing this action made them both get a bubbly feeling, but under the circumstances, they were forced to ignore it.

Despite the rubble mess, Eddie had managed to conjure up a teapot and two mugs and before one knew it, he had two steaming cups of tea ready he and Lily. Lily thanked him hastily as she continued to read and reread the riddle that had been sent to them, meanwhile taking notes as she did so.

"The first one is easy," Lily said taking a sip of her tea, not tearing her eyes away from the paper. "Whatever it is, it's green."

"Big help," Eddie mumbled sarcastically. "It could be in a tree for all we know, if that's all you can come up with." Lily looked up for the first time in nearly an hour and glared at him.

"If you like, you can figure it out all by yourself Mr. Genius," Lily snarled, narrowing her eyes. Eddie put his hands up in defense.

"No thank you," he said in an affirmative tone. "If it is one thing I did not inherit, it was my mother's logic and skill at solving puzzles and riddles. I'm leaving this to the expert."

"Then let the expert do her job!" Lily snapped, turning back to her work and continued to take notes. The intimate moment they had shared earlier was clearly gone and was only there for the sake of Eddie's comfort. Now that Eddie was no longer in a vulnerable state, the pair of them had gone back to giving each other a hard time. It was a very unpleasant situation but both of them seemed to be able to deal with it well enough.

Eddie got bored with watching Lily and decided it would be best if he just paced the room. In the meantime, he called the Muggle police and they came to investigate the broken in apartment and gave Eddie any updates on Jane's disappearance. They questioned Lily's presence, but Eddie claimed she was a cousin, simply here to help him out and for moral support.

"Moral support, eh?" said the younger of the two cops who had arrived. He was young and handsome with dark, chocolate brown puppy eyes, short black hair, a strong nose, acne, and a charming smile. Eddie clenched his fists for a moment as he saw that familiar look men usually gave Lily. "That's awfully nice of you, little lady."

"I do what I can," Lily said dryly, clearly annoyed that Eddie called these men over, forcing her to be interrupted and not being able to use her Quick Quill Spells to take notes on the riddle. The officer smiled and flashed Lily a very charming smile, causing Lily to blush slightly.

"Feisty," he said with a smirk and winked at her. The older of the two cops was too busy searching his bedroom to notice that his younger partner was not doing his job and searching the kitchen. "The way I like them." Eddie's fists were clenched so tightly he could feel his fingernails digging deep into his palms. He sat down at the table across from Lily and moved the chair so that he was sitting right beside her, only inches or so away.

"I think you need to let me take you out pretty girl," he said with a wink. Lily just stared at him.

"I think you don't," Lily said coolly, turning back to her work. The officer ignored her obvious rejection and threw his head back and laughed.

"C'mon, just one little itty bitty dinner," he said, trying to run his hand through Lily's long blonde hair. Lily's eyes flared for a moment and she grabbed his hand and roughly threw it off her. Eddie grinned to himself, seeing Lily get physically hostile always brought him amusement.

"Don't touch me," Lily snarled, standing up, her chair falling over. The cop stood up as well; he was nearly a head taller than her.

"Are you trying to give orders to an officer of the law?" he snapped. Eddie's eyes snapped open. This man was angry now, being rejected by Lily. "I have power missy and I can make your life hell...now if you just let me take you out to dinner, you'll have nothing worry about."

Lily raised an eyebrow and opened her mouth to retort but Eddie stepped forward, shoved the officer away from Lily and stood in between them and glared dangerously at the officer standing before him.

"I think you and your partner need to leave," Eddie snarled. Eddie knew of police officers like this guy. Many used their power of authority to take advantage of women. Eddie was not saying that all cops were bad; his partner who was clearly doing his job seemed like a good guy. But Eddie was not letting this cop take advantage, not on his watch. The officer was clearly startled at Eddie's reaction and looked at him wide-eyed. He did not notice Lily grow bright red and throw down her pen in frustration, glaring daggers at Eddie's back.

"I think you need to remain calm, Mr. Whesley..."

"Trust me," Eddie snarled. "This is me calm. If I was not calm, I'd do this!" With that, Eddie winded his fist and slammed it hard against the cop's jaw, causing him to spit out blood and fly against the wall. His partner came bursting into the room with his gun raised. Thinking

quickly, Lily pulled out her wand and screamed "*Petrificus Totalus!*" The older man became stiff as a board and fell over, clearly astonished and terrified. Lily turned her wand back on the man who had been hitting on her and performed the same spell. When they were both stiff, Lily glared daggers at Eddie.

"Great," she muttered, "now I have to modify their memories. You just love to complicate things, don't you Ed?"

"Oh stuff it," Eddie grumbled, massaging his bruised hand; the one he had used to punch the police officer. "I blame you and your stupid veela nonsense."

Lily pointed her wand at each of them, muttered, "*Obliviate!*" and had them both escorted out of the building, both had a dazed look on their face and looked thoroughly confused. Once they left, and once Lily and Eddie returned back upstairs to the apartment, Lily rounded on Eddie.

"What the bloody hell was that about?" Lily shouted. "You know perfectly well I can take care of myself! Why do you always have to make things so complicated?" Lily threw her hands in the air in frustration. "You will not be able to accompany on this mission if you get physical every time someone puts the moves on me. I am part veela! It happens! Deal with it Weasley! And in an undercover mission, people give you a hard time no matter if you're goblin, wizard, or veela! Get used to it or do not get involved in this investigation!"

"I'm sorry!" Eddie shouted in defense. "I just hate when men in some kind of power try and take advantage of other people!"

"Nor do I," Lily snapped, crossing the room and staring out the large bay window into the city lights. The sun had set and all one could see in the sky were the skyscrapers, glittering against the starless sky. "I would have taken care of that bastard. I don't need you to do it for me."

Eddie gaped at her for a moment and sputtered for a few moments. Lily turned around and glared at him, crossing her arms over her chest. She stood in such a pose, as though daring Eddie to challenge

her. He just continued to stare at her for a moment; a look in which Lily could not place. Eddie raised his wand, as though he was going to strike, and Lily raised her own in defense.

"Accio Nimbus!" Eddie shouted. Lily raised an eyebrow and a broomstick came flying down the hallway. Lily recognized it as his old broomstick which he used during Quidditch games. Eddie hopped on to it and pushed off the ground. Lily did not do anything except lower her wand.

"You'll be seen," was all she said. Eddie glared at her. Lily gasped at the glare he was giving her; it was so full of hate and anger that her heart wrenched; because it was hate and anger towards her.

"I don't care," he snarled before turning his broomstick towards his bedroom and flying out the shattered window. Lily kicked a piece of the broken mantel and screamed in frustration, before returning to the kitchen table to work on solving the riddle, her mind and heart debating on whether she should go after him.

Chapter 4 – The Statue of Liberty

After a long, internal struggle, Lily finally rested her head against the kitchen table and banged it slightly in frustration. She was beginning to see why Ron never wanted her to take Eddie's case. It was extremely stressful, not just physically like all Auror cases are, but emotionally. Lily promised herself not to let any of these emotions stir but she was finding it hard to keep that promise. Finally, her emotions got the better of her, yet again, and she took out Hermione's beaded bag and waved her wand out, belting out a Summoning Charm, summoning her Firebolt and her Invisibility Cloak.

Her father's old Firebolt and Invisibility Cloak came flying out of the bag and rested before Lily. She grabbed the broomstick, swung her leg over it, pocketed the riddle, and flung the beaded bag over her shoulders before wrapping the cloak around her shoulders and pulling it over her head. Unlike Eddie, she would not be seen by unsuspecting Muggles. Lily followed Eddie's actions and flew out his shattered bedroom window and into the city sky, in search of her childhood friend.

Eddie continued to fly until it came into full view and he smiled to himself at the sight of it. Quickly glancing at his watch, he saw that it was past midnight and that no one would be there, so it was safe for his own private visit to the Statue of Liberty. When he came close enough, he decided to fly up to the torch. Tourists were no longer allowed up there and he was smart enough to know there would be no security cameras or alarm systems on the torch.

He quietly landed his broom behind the railing that surrounded the torch and sat down beneath it, his feet dangling at the sides, his Nimbus still clutched in his hand, in case of any accidents. Eddie just sat there, staring into the glistening water, reflecting off the moonlight. Despite never being able to see the stars due to all the lights from the city, Eddie was always able to see a full moon. And a full moon was out tonight.

Looking at the full moon always made Eddie think of Remus Lupin and how he no longer suffered during this time of the month. Remus was murdered in the war, right before the final battle. He was very close to Eddie, Lily, and Asher, but Eddie never gave himself a proper time to grieve over Remus, his mother, or anyone who was murdered or severely injured in the war. Eddie figured that was probably part of the reason he wanted to leave the country so badly.

Eddie shook his head; thinking of Remus would only lead to thoughts of Hogwarts, his parents, his sisters, Asher, and of Lily. This was not the time to think about anything that had to do with his past.

Eddie shook his head again and looked down at the crown of the Statue of Liberty, smiling slightly to himself. He remembered all the times he took Jane up on top of the crown and how much she had loved it. On their first date, Eddie had actually charmed the security guards to let them have a private tour after hours, so they reached the crown, just the two of them. It had been Jane's first trip to the Statue and he remembered how she gasped in awe, and how beautiful she looked. Eddie also reminisced how he leaned in and kissed her deeply with everything below them. He and Jane had shared their first date and their first kiss here at the Statue of Liberty. Maybe that was why Eddie was felt so drawn there tonight.

Eddie let the breeze billow through his bushy red hair and he closed his eyes. For the first time that night, that day even, he felt at peace, despite the sounds of sirens and horns honking; he felt at peace. Behind him, he heard a swishing sound; the sound of someone riding a broomstick.

Eddie's eyes snapped open and he remained absolutely still, except for his hand that was slowly creeping into the pocket of his sweatshirt, his fist enclosing around his wand. Taking a deep breath, Eddie ripped it out of his pocket, spun around, and pointed it at whoever was approaching him.

The person was still a few yards away but there was no mistaking that form and that long, golden blonde hair billowing behind her; Lily was riding on her Firebolt, her Invisibility Cloak clutched in her free hand, flying towards Eddie. He groaned to himself and stuffed his

wand in his pocket, though he did have half a mind to hex her right then and there. Eddie was downright furious with her at that time; all he had done was to try and protect her from that scum and she threw it right back in his face. He remembered when she did that at Hogwarts and it had angered him then also.

“Ed?” she called in a gentle voice, following Eddie’s moves and gliding her broom on to the torch of the Statue. She got off and slowly sat beside him, her legs also dangling on the side. Her emerald green eyes never left his face and it was making Eddie feel very uncomfortable. He was thankful it was dark because he was beginning to feel all the blood rush to his face.

“What?” he asked in a harsh whisper. Lily flinched. He was still angry with her and she decided not to say anything. Instead, she just turned and followed Eddie’s gaze to the full moon. Silently, they looked at it, never saying a word to each other. The silence was almost comfortable, but still, tension hung out in the air between them. Lily finally took a deep breath.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, still looking at the full moon. Eddie’s eyes widened and he tore his gaze from the sky and looked at Lily.

“What?”

“I’m sorry,” Lily repeated, looking directly into Eddie’s warm brown depths. She almost laughed at the astonishment they held but held back, wanting her apology to be sincere. “I shouldn’t have lost my temper. You were only looking out for my best interest. I am, after all, the one who’s supposed to find your fiancé.”

“Oh,” was all Eddie said, knowing that was not the full or real reason why he felt so fiercely protective of Lily. Sure, finding Jane was part of the reason, but it certainly was not the full reason. “Umm...yeah it’s okay.” Eddie finally said, not tearing his eyes away from Lily’s. “I shouldn’t have interfered. I’m the one who should be sorry. You can take care of yourself, and I need to know when to back off.”

Lily smiled up at him; the first true smile she had given him since they first saw each other in Miranda’s office. If Eddie had been standing, he knew his knees would have buckled at the sight. He had not seen

that smile in eight years and it felt like coming home from a long journey, seeing it again. Eddie, not wanting to do anything he regretted, tore his gaze away from Lily's face and looked back out to the night sky.

"How'd you find me?" he mumbled, looking at Lily at the corner of his eye. He saw her shrug slightly and look down at the water below.

"I didn't," she answered honestly. "I didn't know where to begin looking for you. I had never seen the Statue of Liberty before and I figured I should come see it, meanwhile give me some time to think where in the world you might be. I flew here and here you were. It certainly saved me a lot of thinking." Lily smiled again and turned to look back at him. "Why'd you come here?"

"This is Jane's favorite spot," Eddie said, still looking at the sky. Because of this, he did not see Lily's face darken. "We had her first date and our first kiss here."

There was a long pause. Lily did not respond, she did not want to respond. It was better if something were just left unsaid. Eddie just listened to his words and silent tears started coming out of his eyes and streaming down his cheeks. It was not until he sniffed slightly that Lily noticed that he was crying. Lily once again, could not bare to see him like this, and her heart went out to him.

"Oh Eddie," she whispered, and gently took his hand in her's and gave it a slight, comforting squeeze. Eddie squeezed her hand back and looked directly into her eyes. Lily saw it; the love, the need, everything he felt for Jane; how much he loved her, how much he missed her, how much it killed him to know she was being tortured and he was not there to save her. Lily felt her heart clench. It killed her to see Eddie have these feelings and emotions for another woman, but it destroyed her even more to see Eddie in such agony. In the end, Lily could see that Jane made Eddie very happy and he was very much in love with her. Something she could not accomplish it seemed. And in the end, Lily knew that if she was not the one to make Eddie feel like he was on top of the world, then at least Jane could. This made Lily want to find her all that much faster. She squeezed Eddie's hand again.

“We’ll find her,” was all Lily said firmly, standing up straight, reinstating her promise. Eddie gave a weak, sad smile and nodded.

“I know we will,” he whispered. “I trust you, Lily.”

Lily’s heart fluttered at those words and she gave a timid, weak smile. She let go of Eddie’s hand and gave a mumbled, “Thank you,” before turning back to look at city skyline before her. She took a deep breath and ran a frustrated hand through her long blonde hair. Beside her, she felt Eddie give a weak chuckle.

“What’s funny?” Lily asked curiously, raising an eyebrow. Eddie was looking at the hand of the Statue, his hand touching it lightly.

“I always wondered why they painted her green,” Eddie said with a slight grin.

“Who green?”

“The Statue of Liberty,” Eddie said in an obvious voice. “It never made much sense to me. You agree?”

Lily rolled her eyes and was just about to make a retort about how only Eddie would be able to come up with an observation like that at a time like this. But, before she could, it hit her like someone toppled a pile of bricks on top of her. Her eyes slowly widened and she brought her hand to her mouth, as though she was talking into a Muggle walky-talky. Eddie noticed her actions and stared at her in concern.

“Lily, are you okay?”

“Ed...the riddle...the clue...”

“Oh, don’t worry, Lily,” Eddie said encouragingly. “You’ll figure-”

“It’s the Statue of Liberty!” Lily nearly shouted, frantically reaching into her pocket and pulling out the riddle. “The answer to this riddle is the Statue of Liberty!”

“What?” Eddie gasped, getting clearly excited and frantic as Lily was becoming. “How do you know? What makes you figure that?” Lily took out her wand and the piece of paper in which the riddle was written out of her pocket.

“*Lumos!*” she whispered and the tip of her wand lit up, as she pointed it at the scrap piece of paper. “*“My face is green, but not because I have been on a boat’...the Statue of Liberty is green! ‘Without magic, in water I manage to stay afloat’...the Statue sits in the middle of water and without magic. Muggles didn’t use magic to build it!”*

“Go on!”

“*“With my light, I keep those without control, labor, and keep things fair...’* The Statue of Liberty is a symbol of just that! Liberty! No control, from us, the British, and no labor...remember American slavery? And keep things fair. Isn’t the American system all about justice? *‘However, I, myself, it is labor I will bare.’”*

“What does that one mean?” Eddie asked earnestly. Lily bit her lip and closed her eyes for a moment, thinking of that final clue. She patted her stomach in thought and it hit her.

“It means she is a woman!” Lily said proudly, her emerald gems snapping open “Women bare labor when they give birth to their children! Eddie, the answer to this riddle is the Statue of Liberty!” Eddie was staring at her as though he had never seen anyone quite like her before. But, before any of them could say any more, the same jet-black owl that had delivered the first letter was flying down to them. It dropped the letter into Eddie’s lap and fly back into the darkness. It was invisible after a few moments because the owl was just as dark as the night sky.

Eddie looked at the blood red envelope in his lap and stared at it as though it had the plague. Lily took out her wand and pointed it at the envelope, muttered an incantation and the envelope had a golden aura for a moment before it dimmed. Lily nodded her approval, telling Eddie that it was safe to open. He gulped, not wanting to hear Jane’s tortured scream again. It would kill him if he would ever have to hear such a thing again.

"Do you want me to open it?" Lily asked uncertainly. Eddie shook his head.

"I'll hear the scream either way," he said glumly, yet reasonably. Eddie lifted the envelope and tore it open angrily, and closed his eyes when he touched the paper inside. To his relief, there was no scream and he began unfolding the note inside. But the paper was no note, no letter; just the clue.

Paintings and art cover the walls of my room

The youngest King uses me as a tomb

Even though I am rather old

My outside is made of bricks and gold

"BLOODY HELL!" Eddie roared at the top of his lungs, throwing the piece of paper off of the Statue. Lily shushed him, as they did not need to modify the memories of anymore Muggles tonight, and summoned it back with her wand, rereading it and stuffing it into the pocket of her jeans. "What do they want? What can I possibly have they that these bastards could want?"

"You still don't know?" Lily asked quietly, standing up, clutching on to her broom and the beaded bag.

"Obviously, otherwise I wouldn't be sitting here," Eddie snapped, rounding on Lily. "I'd be getting my fiancé out of their clutches and killing the people who took and tortured her!" Normally, Lily would open her mouth and retort with a good comeback, but for some reason, this time, she decided to remain silent. She was finally beginning to see the distress that Eddie was in over his kidnapped fiancé and deep down, she began to pity him. She looked back down at the riddle in her hands and sighed. Lily had a feeling they were not going to be able solve this riddle as easy as the first one.

"Ed, please calm down," Lily said softly, so softly that Eddie whipped around and looked at her with those distressed, chestnut eyes and they soften considerably.

"I'm trying, Lily," he whispered, "but what you be calm if the person you loved was out there being tortured and you couldn't do anything about it?"

Lily thought of when Eddie was placed under a trance in their sixth year and a familiar lurch pulled her in her stomach.

"No," she said in an agonized whisper, "I wouldn't be calm. I'd be in...disarray. It'd be my own personal torture." Eddie did not realize it, but she described how she felt when Eddie had been placed under a trance in their sixth year by Britta Dirdel and she could not do anything about it

"Exactly," Eddie said gently, sitting back down, leaning against the railing, his feet dangling against the side. "The only other time I felt this way was when-" He stopped short and did not finish his sentence. The only other time he felt like this was when Lily was placed under the Sueno Curse in their fifth year, and the numerous times she faced Voldemort. Lily did not press him to finish his comment, she was not sure she even cared; she did not want to hear anymore about Jane and Eddie's love for her.

"Let's get out of here," Lily finally said, standing up and grabbing her broom, breaking the long, pregnant silence that had surrounded them. "We need to try and solve this riddle. I'm going to assume it's not going be as easy as the first one." Eddie nodded in agreement and clutched his own broom.

"Back to my apartment?" he asked quietly. To his surprise, Lily shook her head firmly.

"No, they know where you live," Lily said knowingly. "They could be watching us and the last thing we need is for them to know that you've hired an Auror, and Lily Potter being that Auror. They also might send some kind of distractions to prevent us from solving that riddle."

"Why would they to distract me from figuring out the riddle?" Eddie asked confusedly. "Don't I have something they want? Distracting me will only prevent them from getting what they want sooner." To his surprise, Lily beamed proudly at him.

“Now, you’re thinking like an Auror,” she said proudly, causing Eddie to stand tall and puff out his chest considerably. “And being as how you’re correct, we still need to consider these people very dangerous and might want any excuse to hurt Jane even further. That’s the last thing we want.” Eddie nodded firmly in agreement.

“So where do we go?”

“I can’t say,” Lily said, darting her bright green eyes around them, as though waiting for someone or something to pop up out of nowhere. “We’re not safe here anymore. They know we’re here. Take my hand.”

Eddie all of the sudden felt fearful and very dirty at the thought of someone watching him and Lily; watching him and Jane for the last year or so. He took Lily’s hand without a second thought and without any hesitation and before he knew it, she was Apparating to who knows where and he was by her side.

They twirled and a sight came into view. Eddie recognized it as Central Park,; the exact spot where they had arrived by Portkey. Lily let go of Eddie’s hand and did not say anything, except to pull out her wand and whisper, “*Accio banana!*” As the banana, which Eddie realized was the Portkey they had used to get to New York, flew towards her, she grabbed the sleeve of Eddie’s sweatshirt and they both felt their feet being pulled from the ground and into swirling colors. They stayed in that state for several moments. Eddie knew they must be traveling far again, probably back to Britain.

When they landed, he saw they were in the same alley in Diagon Alley where they had originally found the banana Portkey. Lily still said nothing but destroyed the Portkey. After it was destroyed, Lily looked urgently at Eddie.

“Take my hand,” she ordered again.

“Lily, what’s going on?” Eddie asked fearfully. Everything was happening so fast and he did not know how to handle anything. Lily looked thoroughly anxious and a bit panicked, but at the same time, seemed to know exactly what she was doing. She ignored Eddie’s question but grabbed his hand instead, once again Apparating to who

knows where. He was using side long Apparation and did not have a clue to where Lily was taking him; he assumed it was a place she thought was safe.

When they twirled and arrived, Eddie looked around and recognized it immediately as Sirius's old home; 12 Grimmauld Place. Before he could comment or say anything, Lily grabbed him by the elbow and quickly dragged him up the stairs and shoved him inside, closing the door behind her. With a wave of her wand, the lights in the house lit it up and a fire was blazing in the hearth of the living room. It gave the place a warm, cozy feeling. Eddie just stared at Lily looked around and nodded in satisfaction.

"Kreacher?" she called out. With a sudden pop, Eddie recognized the old, ancient house elf appear before Lily and bowed deeply.

"Master Lily, what can Kreacher do for you?" he said, looking back up at her, his gray eyes twinkling merrily. Lily smiled down at him and tickled his long ear, causing Kreacher to shriek with laughter.

"Nothing as of now," she said nodding. "But, right now, Eddie and I will be spending a few nights here. I wish for you to remain with us for the time being, to keep you safe."

"And to serve Master Lily and Mr. Edward?" he asked hopefully. Lily rolled her eyes and gave him a smirk.

"If you wish to do so, Kreacher," she said good-naturedly. He nodded vigorously, causing Lily to chuckle. "Very well, buddy. You may settle into your old room for now. Once Eddie and I leave in a few days, I wish for you to remain here anyway. You may do and clean as you see fit. It is the only way to keep you safe. Does that sound okay?"

"Yes Master Lily," he said, bowing deeply again, he looked back at her. "Kreacher appreciates Master Lily's concern for him."

"Of course, Kreacher," she said with a small smile. "Now, off you go." With that, Kreacher scurried up the stairs to his old bedroom. For the first time since they had left the Statue of Liberty, Lily turned to look at Eddie and took a deep breath.

"I'm sorry about that, Ed," she said, referring to the hustle and bustle they just encountered. "I had to make sure we weren't being followed or that anyone had any idea of where we were going." Eddie took a deep breath and sighed with relief.

"Fair enough," he said with a shrug, taking a look around. "But Lily, why here? Why Grimmauld Place? I understand we cannot go back to my apartment, but why not your flat?"

"If they find you at my apartment, they'll know you hired me as an Auror," Lily said reasonably. "Plus, being a Potter has its disadvantages. It could only make things worse for Jane."

"But isn't finding us at Grimmauld Place the next obvious choice?" Eddie asked slowly, looking around uncertainly. Lily smiled.

"Not when your Aunt Ginny is the Secret Keeper," Lily said with a proud smile. "No one will ever know we are here."

"You really are brilliant Lily," Eddie said with a bemused grin. Lily, who was still smiling, shrugged in a good-natured manner.

"I try," she said, causing both she and Eddie to laugh. With that, Kreacher called out to them to tell them that he had prepared broccoli and cheese soup, along with a chicken pot pie for supper. Lily and Eddie looked at each other, smiled, and walked over to the kitchen to eat their meal.

For desert, Kreacher had prepared a cranberry iced cake, which was one of Lily's favorites, and pumpkin pasties. As Eddie stuffed his face in the pasties, and Kreacher began cleaning the kitchen after Lily had told him to feed himself, Lily pulled out a piece of paper out of the pocket of her jeans and laid it out on the table. Eddie stared at the clue and paled slightly. Lily saw the look on his face and turned to Kreacher.

"Kreacher, buddy?" she called out. The elder house-elf turned to look at her, giving her a questioning, wide-eyed look. "Why don't you finish cleaning those later? Ed and I need to discuss some things in private."

“Of course Master Lily,” Kreacher said at once. “Kreacher shall go prepare Master Lily’s bedroom and a guest room for Mr. Edward.” Lily smiled and nodded to show her gratitude and the little elf disappeared with a pop. Once he was gone, Lily turned back to Eddie and gave a small sigh.

“If we have any hope of finding and saving Jane,” Lily started, “we need to figure out this riddle.”

Heaving a sigh, Eddie nodded and slid the paper from underneath Lily’s fingers and began reading and rereading it carefully, examining it, determined to find the woman he wanted to become his wife.

Chapter 5 – The Second Clue

Eddie awoke with a start and a loud snort, shooting up in his bed and looking around frantically. Not remembering where he was a first, he took a deep breath, all of the events coming back to him. He realized he was in one of the many guest rooms of 12 Grimmauld Place, though he could not remember how he got there.

Scratching his head, he got out of bed and realized he was still in the clothes had been wearing the previous night. Eddie shrugged and stretched before walking out the door and heading down the stairs and towards the kitchen. The hallway and outside the door to the kitchen smelled of sizzling sausage and he stomach gave a loud roar. Rubbing it, he swung the kitchen door open to see Lily and Kreacher bustling about the kitchen. Kreacher was the only one who took notice of his presence.

“Mister Weasley!” Kreacher called out, dashing towards him and taking his hand. “Please, take a seat. Kreacher and Mistress Lily are making breakfast. Is there anything Mister Weasley would prefer?”

“I won’t lie Kreacher, that sausage smells delicious,” Eddie said with a smile. Kreacher beamed and raced towards the frying pan, trying to make something special for him. Eddie’s eyes drifted from Kreacher to Lily. He almost sighed. Lily was wearing sweatpants and t-shirt, her long blonde hair tied back into a loose, messy ponytail; the same kind she used to wear when they were back at Hogwarts. Eddie also noticed that she had a pair of catlike rimmed glasses on and oven mitts on her hands. For the first time since he had seen her, Lily looked the girl he fell in love with back at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. And for a moment, Eddie was afraid he would fall in love with her all over again, so he just shook his head and turned away.

“Corn muffins?”

Eddie jumped and turned back to Lily.

“I beg your pardon?”

"I made corn muffins," Lily said, not looking at Eddie, but instead bending over to retrieve the muffins out of the hot stove. "Would you like one?"

"Uh, sure," Eddie said uncertainly, as he watched Lily carefully take them off the pan and put them on a flat plate. She picked it up and walked over, placing the muffins on the table before turning and walking back to the stove. Eddie gulped and grabbed a muffin, hesitantly taking a bite. If it was one thing Lily was never famous for, it was her cooking. But, to his surprise, when Eddie took that bite, he could not believe how delicious, sweet, tasty, and moist it was.

"When did you learn how to cook?" Eddie asked without thinking, and then immediately slapped himself, waiting for Lily's nasty retort. To his surprise, Lily laughed.

"Your Aunt Ginny inherited your grandmum's famous cooking skills. She lived with me for about a year and taught me a thing or two," Lily said simply before waving her wand, letting the pan and bowls wash themselves. At that moment, Kreacher came racing up with a sausage sandwich for Eddie and a sausage, egg, and cheese sandwich for Lily.

"Thank you Kreacher," Lily said politely, smiling down at the little house-elf. "That will be all for now."

"May Kreacher tend to the gardens?" the elf asked hopefully. Lily chuckled and nodded her head. Kreacher scurried off into the backyard and Lily took a seat opposite from Eddie.

"He's always on the move," was all she said as she took a bite of her breakfast sandwich. Eddie grinned awkwardly and just looked down at his sandwich. Lily continued to eat and did not take notice that her best friend, who had one of the biggest appetites she had ever seen, was not touching his food.

After several long minutes, Lily finished her sandwich and one of the muffins before waving her wand and placing her plate in the sink to be washed. She finally chanced a glance at Eddie and noticed his food still went untouched. Lily cocked her head to the side and raised a confused eyebrow.

“Is everything okay?” Lily asked, and to Eddie’s utmost surprise, she sounded genuinely concerned. It made him melt, and to his surprise, he wanted to open up to her.

“No,” he said in a shaky whisper. “Nothing is okay. Jane is still gone and Merlin knows what they’re doing to her. It’s making me nuts, Lils, I can’t focus, I can’t think, I just....its driving me crazy.”

Thankfully, Eddie did not notice Lily shiver slightly when he called her, “Lils” but shook it off, and gently placed her hand over his in a comforting manner. Eddie was looking down at his food, his insides shaking, ready to be sick.

“I’ll find her, Ed,” Lily whispered. “I promise. In the meantime, starving yourself isn’t going to help either of us.” Eddie chuckled and gave her a weak smile. She gently ruffled his bushy, red hair and gave him a small smile back. Their eyes met for a moment and they both felt the spark, but both chose to ignore it.

The day went by slowly. Lily had locked herself up in a small office on the second floor with a piece of paper that had the second clue on it. Inside, she had locked the door and did not want to be disturbed by neither Eddie nor Kreacher.

Eddie did not know what to do with himself; Lily had locked herself in her home office and Kreacher was on the move, trying to clean the house. It was apparent that Lily had not resided in it in a long time. Eddie guessed that she probably used it when she needed to get away or needed some kind of vacation, since his Aunt Ginny was the Secret Keeper. Lily would not have it as a private place if she did not want it to be private. He had to admit, Lily had made it quite pleasant. Back in the day, when Ron and Harry used to take them here, he and Lily had always found it rather old and creepy, like a haunted house. Lily had definitely made a pleasant, cozy home for herself. But the only thing that Eddie did not understand was why Lily needed such a big house when she had her own cozy flat near London. But then again, there was that privacy. But, why not let Aunt Ginny be the Secret Keeper of her flat? What was so special about this place that Lily wanted to keep it and use it?

Eddie sighed and ran a frustrated hand through his bushy, long hair. His hair was getting so long; Jane would have been furious. She hated when he grew out his hair; always liked it high, tight, and neat. Eddie did not like it short but what Jane wanted, Jane got; he'd do anything for her. Shaking off any thoughts of Jane, because it only made him feel nauseous, Eddie trudged down the stairs and dragged himself to the living room. Kreacher already had a fire blazing in the hearth, giving a warm, cozy feeling that reminded him strongly of the Gryffindor Common Room. Eddie did not think Lily gave off that feeling by accident.

Eddie laid down on the couch but because he was so tall, his feet were dangling off the side. He grabbed one of the pillows and placed it behind his head and stared into the fire, hoping that maybe Professor Trelawney was right when she claimed that if you look into a fire long enough, you can see the future. But, trying to look into the future makes one feel very drowsy and a set of eyes extremely heavy...

Eddie awoke with a start and bolted upright, gasping for a breath as he heard a high pitched scream from from down the hallway of Lily's office.

"Lily!" he gasped, snatching his wand from out of his pocket and sprinting up the stairs, climbing them two by two up to the second floor.

When he reached the outside of the office, door, it was still closed. Eddie grasped the knob and tried to open the door but it was locked and he felt his heart race.

"LILY!" he shouted over the high pitched screaming. It sounded like she was being tortured. He continued fight the door knob but it was no use. Getting frustrated, Eddie stood back and pointed his wand at the door.

"ALOHOMORA!" he bellowed, and he heard it click and unlock. He pulled up his foot and kicked the door wide open.

“Lily?” Eddie asked urgently, his wand armed, ready to attack. When he saw the sight inside the room, he immediately lowered his wand, staring blankly at the sight before him.

There was a man in the room, but Eddie could not make out his face. It was blocked due to the fact that Lily had jumped on the man, locking her legs around his waist in a fierce hug. The man was hugging her just as tight, his tightly around her waist, squeezing tightly, but lovingly. It was apparent that Lily knew this man and was very excited to see him.

Even though Eddie had lowered his wand, something deep inside him still wanted wave it and hex the pants off of him. It was though some monster wanted to come roaring out of his chest and attack the man who had his slimy hands on Lily. Eddie shook his head, not realizing where this intense jealousy was coming from. But, it was there; his fists were tightly clenched, his teeth gritted, and he could feel his face getting hot and knew it probably matched the color of his hair.

“Alright in here?” Eddie asked in such a grumpy voice, that it even surprised him. The man dropped Lily and looked Eddie straight in the face, a big grin on his handsome features. Eddie’s jaw dropped.

It was Asher.

“Is it just me or does Weasel bean here look like a beet with a bad sunburn? Freckles and red skin are just not a good combination, Ed,” Asher said with a big grin on his face, causing Lily to throw her head back and laugh.

“Asher?” Eddie asked through a choked whisper. Asher beamed again, brushed past Lily, and limped over to Eddie and embraced him like a brother. Eddie was shocked at first, but gingerly returned the hug.

“It’s been too long, Ed,” Asher whispered, pulling away and leaning against his cane. Eddie looked at his old friend, up and down. The last time he saw Asher, he was depressed, lonely, and forever to remain in a wheelchair. Standing before him was a healthy, confident, good-natured young man; the way Asher always was. He was extremely muscular in his chest and arms; Eddie supposed it was

because of all the arm strength he had to use with his wheelchair and cane. His hair was combed and remained its natural light brown glow, he was beaming, and his stormy gray eyes were roaring with a fabulous thunder.

“Ash...your legs...”

“Ah, has it been that long?” he asked with a chuckle. “Muggles can do amazing things...fake legs. They’re not that stable but they’re better than a wheelchair; hence the cane.” There was a long silence and Eddie nodded.

“It’s good to see you, Ash,” was all Eddie said, patting his friend on the arm. He looked up at Lily, to Asher, and then back to Lily. “I’ll let you two talk. See you.”

Eddie was halfway out the door when he heard Lily give a frustrated sigh and he turned around sharply, raising an eyebrow. He knew that that sigh meant.

“Something wrong, Lily?” Eddie asked slowly.

“Yeah, you haven’t seen Asher, one of your best friends, in eight years and all you have to say to him is ‘Ash, your legs,’ and ‘It’s good to see you?’ Are you bloody kidding me?” Lily nearly shouted, her hands on her hips, her emerald green eyes narrowed as she took off her glasses and tossed them on to her desk.

“What do you want me to say, Potter?” Eddie snarled, looking annoyed, and then turning to Asher and with a cynical tone, he asked: “I apologize, Asher, for my rudeness. How’s the family? Any promotions lately?”

Lily started toward him with her fists clenched, looking absolutely disgusted. “You have some nerve-”

“No, Lily,” Asher said, raising his hand to stop Lily for continuing, not taking his eyes off Eddie, “I’d like to answer his questions.” Asher reached out his arm and handed his cane to Lily, who took it hesitantly. Asher limped toward Eddie without his cane, his gray eyes mirrored Lily’s; absolute disgust.

"My family is fine," Asher said coolly, "I married Yvonne two years ago and she is pregnant with our first born child. I am now working the assistant head of the Department of Magical Corporation. After old man Gibberson retires, there is a pretty good chance I'll become head of the department. Anything else buddy?"

Asher practically spat out the last word, as though he had dirt in his mouth. And with that, he turned back to Lily and gave a soft smile. "Well, I'll see you later for dinner Lily Billy?"

"You can count on it Asher Basher," Lily teased, giving her friend a wink. She handed Asher his cane and he Disapparated on the spot, not even looking at Eddie. Lily's smile immediately dropped when she looked and saw Eddie still standing there.

"I guess Ron and Hermione never taught you any manners," Lily snarled coolly. "Or they did and you're just too thick-headed for what they said to seek into that pathetic brain of yours!"

"Don't lecture me, Lily Potter," Eddie snapped back, turning his back on her and started towards the door. "I'm in no mood to hear it. You're not my mother."

"Mother?" Lily whispered. She whispered it so delicately, so gently, that he forced himself to turn around and look at her. When he saw her face, he could tell she was doing all she could to keep her anger under control. Her face was nearly purple, and her teeth were gritted tightly, her jaw locked, her fists clenched at her side, and that green, blazing fire was burning brightly in her emerald depths.

"Uh...Lily...?"

"You're right, Ed," Lily snarled, the fire burning stronger, "I'm not your mother. But, how is your mother doing? You wouldn't know, would you? You know what Ed Weasley...YOU CAN GO TO HELL!"

"Lily..."

"GO TO HELL!" Lily shouted one more time before storming towards Eddie, placing her hands on his chest, and shoving him as hard as she could out of her office. Eddie was immensely surprised at her

strength as he stumbled backwards into the hallway and nearly over the banister. He stared at her wide-eyed.

“Lily!”

But she had already slammed the door in his face; she slammed it so hard that he felt the whole house rattle and decided he had better give her some time to cool down before talking to her again.

But, to be quite honest, it was good seeing the old, hot-tempered Lily again. And something inside of Eddie danced.

Eddie sat there for a half and hour in absolute shock, clearly stupefied over Lily’s reaction to him being so rude to Asher and hardly mentioning his mother, Hermione. It seemed like minutes that he stared into the fireplace before he heard the showers going, figuring that Lily was taking one to cool down. A few moments after that, Kreacher approached Eddie with a slight bow.

“What would Mr. Edward like for supper tonight?” Kreacher asked, looking up from his bow. Eddie raised an eyebrow.

“Isn’t that up to Lily?”

“No sir,” Kreacher said, shaking his head, “Mistress Lily is going out to dine with Mr. Asher and Mrs. Yvonne.”

“Excuse me?” Eddie snapped, jumping to his feet, staring down at Kreacher with a fierce look on his face. Kreacher took a step back in fear.

“Mistress Lily went to dine with Mr. Asher and Mrs. Yvonne...” Kreacher repeated slowly, in obvious fear. Eddie stomped his foot on the ground and yelled out in frustration.

“Instead of working on my fiancé’s case?” he roared angrily, making the elder elf cringe in fear. “Bloody hell! Where did they go Kreacher for dinner?”

"I do not know, sir..." Kreacher said in a fearful whisper. Eddie threw his hands up in the air and stormed out of the room, up the stairs, and into the guest bedroom where he was staying, slamming the door so loudly that the whole house shook violently. Kreacher's ears dropped in disappointment and he strutted over to his own room.

Lily continued to glare angrily at Asher and Yvonne who were sitting across the table from her and Ezekiel. Ezekiel Tekerrumb was a 'so-called' Quidditch player trying out for the American Asteroids. Without informing her, Asher and Yvonne had set Lily up on a blind date and were receiving death glares for it.

'No wonder they wanted to meet me at this fancy, expensive restaurant and wanted me to dress nice,' Lily thought, annoyed at herself for not picking up on something like this. They had been on her back about laying off work for a bit and getting out there and meeting someone.

"So, Lily, how is the new position treating you?" Ezekiel asked, flashing her a toothy grin, eyeing her up and down. Lily gave him a fake smile and flashed another angry look at Asher.

"It's treating me fair enough," Lily said automatically. Ezekiel smiled again and Lily rolled her eyes without him noticing. After what seemed like hours, when their food arrived, Ezekiel excused himself to go to the bathroom and before Lily could yell at her friends, Asher changed the subject.

"You do realize that Ed is going to be bloody furious when he finds out you banked out on solving his case to have dinner with us," Asher observed with a lop-sided grin, staring at Lily with amusement. He only brought up Eddie now because the case was considered classified and Ezekiel could not know about it all.

"You see this face Ash? My face?" Lily asked, pointing to her face. Asher nodded. "This is my face...not caring!" Asher threw his head back and laughed and Yvonne let out a soft giggle.

“Seriously though Lily,” Yvonne started as they started their dinner, “the woman’s life is in danger. It is not her fault that Eddie turned out to be a git.”

“I pity her enough that she has to marry him!” Asher said good-naturedly, but both Lily and Yvonne chose to ignore his childish comment.

“I know, Yvonne,” Lily said with a sigh, staring at her plate of food. “But there really is nothing I can do until I figure out the clue.”

“Well then shouldn’t you be home, trying to figure it out?” Asher asked. Lily shrugged.

“You can only read and reread a riddle so much and look at a piece of paper for so long before you feel like your head is about to explode.” Lily said with an exasperated tone in her voice.

“Fair enough,” Yvonne said with a smile, earning a kiss on the cheek from Asher. Lily grinned back and took a bite of her dinner before turning to look back up at the happy couple.

“So, Yvonne, you’re on leave from work?” Lily asked, trying to strike up a conversation.

“Yeah, it makes me sad to be leaving my work in the middle of a big discovery,” Yvonne said honestly, “but it is for a good reason.” She smiled at Lily, and then turned to beam at her husband, who was rubbing her pregnant belly gently.

“The one in Egypt?” Lily asked knowingly, being Mistress of Magic and all. She knew of everything that went on in every department. Yvonne nodded.

“I’m really disappointed because we just discovered a new, ancient magic in the depths of the tomb of King Tut,” Yvonne explained. “I especially find it amusing that we were able to get a few witches and wizards in with Muggles and make them believe they actually found the tomb of the youngest pharaoh of Egypt.”

“Why did we have to make sure that the Muggles didn’t discover the real tomb of King Tut?” Asher asked curiously.

“You know as well as I do that King Tut was a powerful wizard,” Yvonne explained. “He was a Muggle-born born into an ancient, royal family. The boy was able to discover and invent all kinds of magic that we still use today! However, he was not accepted by his family, or his people, because of his power and it is believed that he was killed young for it.”

“Killed?”

“It’s possible,” Yvonne said with a shrug. “We really don’t know anymore than the Muggles know; except where the actual tomb is located. We just know that the tomb contains such magic that...it’s just best that the Muggles do not know about it.”

“Makes sense,” Asher said through a mouthful of food. None of them noticed that Lily had not said anything throughout the whole conversation. They turned to her and noticed that she was staring out into the space, her mouth partially opened, her hand firmly holding her fork, which was resting in her plate. Asher looked at Yvonne confusedly, and then turned to his friend in concern.

“Lily Billy, are you okay?” he asked in concern. Lily nodded slowly, her eyes still wide and mouth still partially opened.

“Yvonne?” she asked in a shaky whisper. “Is the real tomb of King Tut...is it made of bricks?”

“Yes,” Yvonne said slowly, raising an eyebrow. “Golden bricks. Why?”

Ignoring Yvonne’s question, Lily asked; “And what’s on the walls of King Tut’s tombs?”

“Oh!” Yvonne exclaimed, getting all excited. “The most wonderful forms of art work, wall paintings! It changed the world of art for both Muggles and wizards alike! It’s absolutely mag-” Yvonne never got to finish her sentence because Lily had jumped out of her seat and grabbed her bag.

“Asher, Yvonne, I’m so sorry,” she said hastily as she threw her bag over her shoulder. “But I need to leave.”

“Lily?” Asher asked, standing up, noticing his friend’s urgency. “Is everything okay?”

“Do you despise Ezekiel that much?”

“There’s been a breaking in the case,” was all Lily said, laying some money down to pay for her meal. “I’m really sorry. Tell Ezekiel I am sorry as well.”

“Eddie’s case?” Asher asked while raising a curious eyebrow. Yvonne’s eyebrows were raised so high that they could not be seen from underneath her bangs. “You found a break from talking about tombs in ancient Egypt?”

“Yes, exactly,” Lily said, nodding. “I’m really sorry...”

“We expect nothing less from the Mistress of Magic,” Yvonne said with a soft, understanding smile. “Good luck, Lily.”

“I will.”

“We’ll find some excuse to give Ezekiel.”

“Thanks.”

“Stay safe!” Asher shouted Lily she Disapparated back to 12 Grimmauld Place.

Eddie heard a faint pop from the hallway and his eyes immediately snapped open. He lifted his head from his pillow and looked around the guest room. Noticing how a few of the picture frames that hung on the wall were tilted, and one or two had actually fallen and shattered on the ground, did he remember the fact that Lily had abandoned his case for the night and had gone out with Asher and Yvonne. The same fury he felt earlier when he found out where Lily was, started to rise through him again. Eddie grabbed his wand from his bedside

table and hoped that the person outside was Lily, because he was in no mood to deal with anyone else, especially the rage that he was feeling. With a hold of his wand, Eddie rolled off of the bed and threw the door open and his jaw nearly dropped when he saw Lily standing there on the other side.

Lily was standing there; her long blonde hair was long and wavy; which was naturally pin straight so she had to have done something with it. She was wearing a classy, but very sexy black halter dress and black heels, carrying a large black bag. Her eye make-up made her emerald green eyes pop even more than they did naturally. Though she appeared slightly disheveled and stressed over something, Lily looked nothing short of stunning. Eddie felt his breath hitch in his throat but he gulped it down before she could notice.

"Eddie," started Lily, "I figured out the second clue. We need to leave immediately."

"Wait...what...Lily..."

"Eddie, need to go NOW!" Lily nearly yelled as she turned on heel and stormed down the hallway. Eddie gripped his wand and grabbed his cloak before following her, his heart pounding so loud in his chest, he was sure Lily could hear it from all the way down the hall. He was feeling so many emotions at once he did not know what to think or what to feel; anger, excitement, frustration, and fear were the primary feelings. When Eddie reached the end of the hall, he saw Lily standing at the edge of the stairs; the famous beaded bag in her clutches.

"We need to Apparate to a Muggle International Airport," Lily explained, telling him which airport to Apparate to. Eddie just stared at her in awe, clearly not knowing what was going on or what Lily was up to.

"Why an airport? What's the second clue?" Eddie asked breathlessly. Lily chose to ignore him but continued to rummage through the beaded bag. "Lily Julia Potter, you tell me what the bloody hell is going on this instant! This concerns my fiancé! I demand answers. Now-"

“The second clue is the tomb of King Tut; the youngest pharaoh of ancient Egypt.”
